HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XXXVIII.—No. 1971.
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1894.

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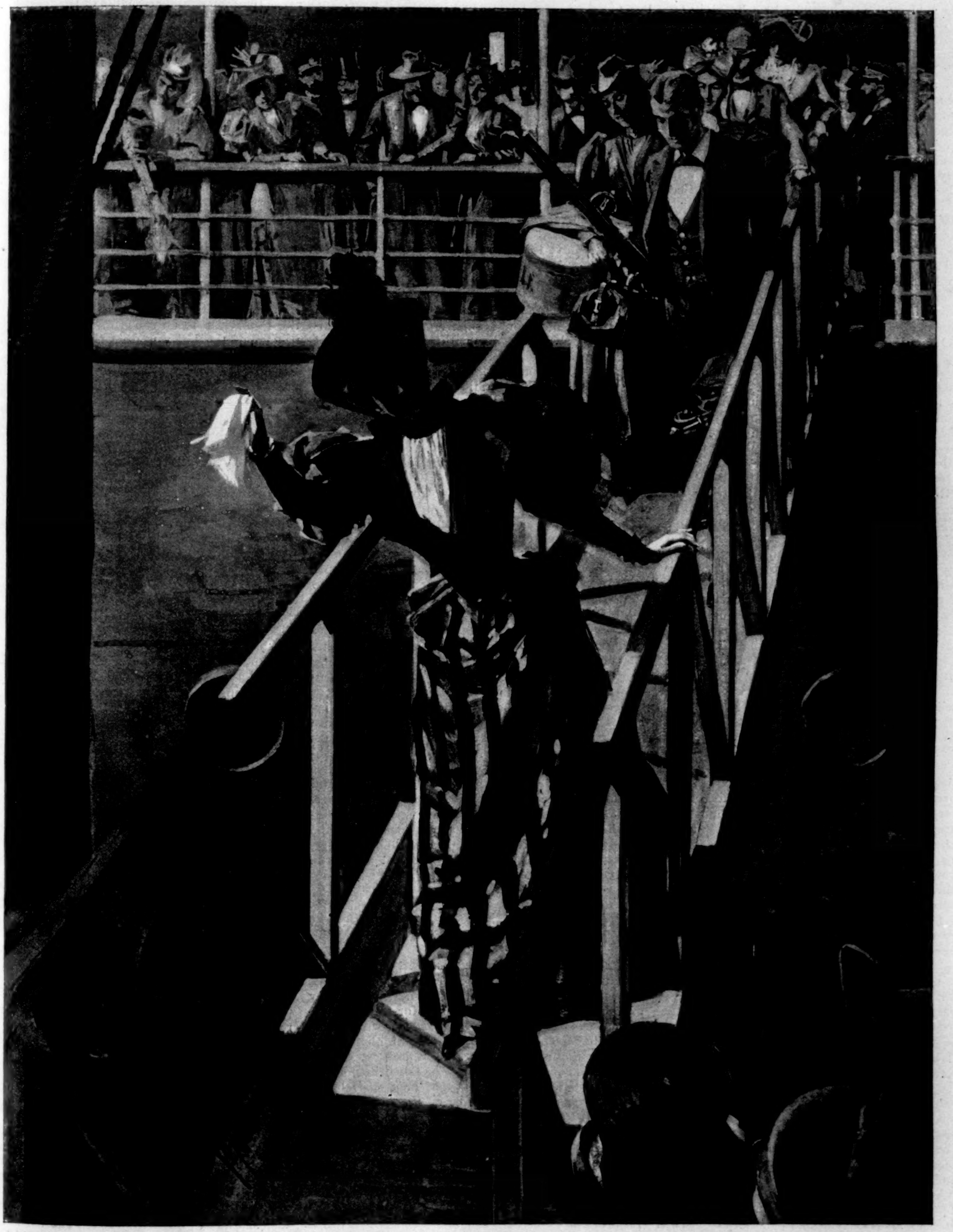

BACK FROM EUROPE—THE FIRST ASHORE.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.

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(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

PUBLISHED

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TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE SOUTH.

ON another page we publish a very interesting article by Mr. J. K. **UPTON** on the growth of the Southern States in population and wealth under the new conditions brought forth by the civil war. The array of figures given is very encouraging, and there are signs that Southern business men mean to accelerate this prosperous development to the best of their ability. A convention of Southerners was recently held in Washington to consider what steps should be taken to this end, and various ways were discussed, such as a permanent exhibition of Southern products at the seat of the national government, to bring the resources of the Southern country to the knowledge of the world, and thus to attract to the South capital as well as immigration. While such a policy of advertising in great style is well enough in its way, as all honest advertising is, and while it may indeed serve to attract attention to this or that opportunity for profitable business enterprise which may have escaped the observation of people outside of the Southern States, yet it does not touch the main obstacles that stand in the way of a more rapid influx of capital and immigration into the South.

It may be truthfully said that the Southern States are no longer an unknown country, such as they were before the civil war. Their natural resources in the line of fertility of soil, mineral wealth, and industrial facilities have been studied by a great many persons at the North, and also by Europeans, with a view to the investment of money in their development. There have been such investments, too; but that there have not been more, and that the stream of immigration into the South has been slim and unsteady, are not owing to ignorance of the resources of the South. Neither are they owing to any sort of ill-will toward the South and its inhabitants. On the contrary, our Southern brethren may rest assured that the Northern people entertain toward them, the rant of some shallow demagogues notwithstanding, none but feelings of sincere cordiality, and that every sensible person at the North knows the prosperity of the South to be necessary to the general prosperity of the country. They are rather owing to the timidity of capital, which still hesitates to trust itself to the social conditions and the currents of opinion widely believed to be still prevailing in the South, or at least in certain parts of it, and to the fact that instead of the attractions, other than agricultural and industrial opportunities, which draw immigration to other places, there are certain tendencies in the social life of the South which make people who might otherwise be inclined to seek new homes there doubt whether they would find there those advantages and comforts which other parts of the country present.

A convention of Southerners called to promote the economic progress of their section is not a new thing. There were several such conventions held under the old slavery *régime*, some of which were composed of able men, and attracted much attention. But not one of them recognized the true cause of the unsatisfactory progress in the agricultural, industrial, and commercial development of the South—this cause being slavery. Any man speaking of slavery in a deprecatory way would have been accounted an enemy of the Southern people. The Southern people have since then learned to think differently. But they may still be inclined to attribute unfriendly motives to those who now put their fingers upon the true causes of the present comparative slowness of the economic progress of the South. Conscious of being most warmly desirous to promote the welfare of the Southern people, we shall utter our sincere opinions, at the risk of temporarily displeasing them.

The truth is that many capitalists are still timid as to investments of money in many of the Southern States because they do not see there those guarantees of the safety of life and property which they find elsewhere. As to the safety of human life, it is not that proportionally more homicides occur in the South than in the North, but that murder committed in consequence of a "difficulty between gentlemen," and lynchings, are looked upon by a large portion of the Southern people as venial offences, and that such a state of public opinion exposes human life to incalculable chances, and is a symptom generally of lawless tendencies. With regard to some of the Southern States this apprehension is no doubt exaggerated, and in all of them the trouble really existing would certainly be much lessened by just those influences which the influx of capital and of immigration would be apt to quicken. The feeling of insecurity as to property in the South has really a much more serious effect. We do not mean that property is more exposed to theft or to destruction by evil-minded persons in the South than in the North. But we mean that prudent men hesitate to put their money where people are given to silver crazes, to wild Populist vagaries, and to similar things, betraying unsettled notions as to those obligations a clear perception and a steady, matter-of-course observance of which are the *sine qua non* of business confidence. The same reason which deters a prudent capitalist from putting his money into Colorado or Kansas while **WAITE** and **LEWELLING** are Governors of those States, or so long as similar men have a chance of exercising controlling influence there—the same reasons dissuade him from investing his money in Southern States, where the Populist feeling is strong enough to taint the principles of all political parties, and to make it uncertain what laws affecting business relations may be passed by their Legislatures at any time in obedience to some popular folly. Let the Southern people drop their silver and other crazes, and show a just appreciation of sound financial policies and business principles, and they will be surprised at the alacrity with which Northern and foreign capital will pour into their country for the development of their magnificent resources.

As to immigration, the South needs most that of agriculturists. In this respect not much is to be hoped from the native American population. Of the young men reared on American farms in the North or West, but few will go to the South in search of new homes. This is a matter of experience. The South will have to depend largely upon the foreign immigrant. A member of the recent Southern convention remarked that while the Southern people invited immigration, they did not wish that kind of foreign immigration which in the North was found objectionable—meaning Hungarians, Slavs, and Italians. These, however, they will find it less difficult to get than the good, industrious, orderly tillers of the soil, who mostly come from Germany and the Scandinavian countries. Migration in mass usually travels on or near certain lines of latitude. Germans and Scandinavians naturally seek the North and Northwest, where they can live in climatic conditions congenial to them, and where, moreover, they find large settlements of their countrymen, among whom they easily feel themselves at home. To divert this immigration, or a large part of it, from the North or Northwest to the South will require extraordinary inducements. The offer of good lands at very low prices, under easy conditions of purchase, in eligible localities, might have some effect if such lands were offered in large bodies, where the foreign immigrants could live in neighborhoods of their kind. Thus the few German settlements in Texas became possible. German or Scandinavian families will hardly settle down singly among the Southern natives. Moreover, the Southern people, if they wish to attract this kind of immigration, will have to make a strong effort to overcome a tendency prevailing with them—least perhaps with their educated classes—to treat new-comers living among them as strangers, as intruders, who really do not "belong" there, but are graciously tolerated if they conform to the customs and notions of the country. This is a sort of clannishness not at all unnatural with a population that has long lived in a comparatively narrow horizon, and which otherwise has many commendable qualities. But it does not inspire the new settler with the necessary homelike feeling. The native Americans of the Northwest, with their large, hearty, helpful ways, welcome the immigrant in very different style, and with very different effect.

THE ISSUE IN THE CONGRESSIONAL ELECTIONS.

THE important elections this year, so far as the Federal government is concerned, are for members of the House of Representatives. In this State they will doubtless be made secondary, for they are subordinate, in the opinion of a vast majority of the voters, to State and municipal questions that are demanding immediate answer. It is, however, of the utmost moment that great care be taken in nominating candidates for Congress that men shall be selected whose influence will be on the sound side of the issues that have been raised by Populists, and that are supported by demagogues who are eager to secure Populist votes.

There is no party issue, strictly speaking, on which a general campaign can be conducted. So long as Mr. **CLEVELAND** is President it will be worse than useless to revive the tariff struggle with a view to a restoration of McKinleyism, and the most that can be expected from a Democratic majority in the Fifty-fourth Congress are slight additions to the free list, or a lowering of duties which would be welcomed by the manufacturers themselves. It seems likely that in the course of time the Democratic party will stand for still lower duties and for commercial freedom. The defection of the Louisiana planters from the party is a blessing to it, and if Senator **BRICE** can be driven to carry out his threat and resign his seat, the party to which he has nominally belonged will have at least one reason to be thankful to him. It is also a hopeful sign of the awakening effect of the scandals of the past summer that the Republicans are not eagerly welcoming these trust-stained allies. In becoming the slaves of the Sugar Trust and the associates of **GORMAN**, the Democrats who are responsible for the sugar schedule in the new law appear to have bargained away their political usefulness. It is not because the Republicans are free from the taint of the Sugar Trust that they are not welcoming the alliance of the Louisiana planters or of **BRICE**; it is because they do not want to see disease eradicated from the Democratic party, and because the Democratic assistants of the trust have too openly and cynically confessed their shame. The Republicans do not want to acknowledge that their party is the only refuge for such people. At the same time it is well for the Democratic party that the Louisiana planters admit that their recent success leaves them uncomfortable, and doubtful of their ability to repeat it.

Still, while all the protectionists are rapidly going to the Republican party, the tariff will not be a subject of much importance in the next Congress. So far as can be foreseen at this time, it is the currency question that will demand the most attention in the last two years of Mr. **CLEVELAND'S** term. The work of the special session of a year ago was only half accomplished. The currency of the country is still in an unsettled state. The evils out of which have grown most of the financial heresies that have threatened the country with disaster remain. We have nine kinds of currency, and our bank-note circulation is as rigid as it was when Mr. **SHERMAN** asked the Democrats to do something on the eve of the passage of the bill repealing the purchasing clause of the act that bore his name. The Greenback party has been killed, but the theory on which it lived is not dead. There is a strong sentiment in a large part of the country for fiat money. Many of those who hold it have heretofore been content to confine themselves to a demand for the free coinage of silver, but the silver question is broadening into the larger issue which will have to be met in Congress. The people who will force this issue to the front are full of political energy, and now that the tariff is out of the way for the time, they are able to devote themselves entirely to their hobby.

The politicians of the Republican party are recognizing the immediate importance of the currency question. It was this which induced Senator **LODGE** and ex-Speaker **REED** to advocate reprisals on British commerce if Great Britain refused to enter into negotiations for international bimetallism. It is this which has induced Republican conventions in the Western States not only to "speak kindly" of silver, but to favor free coinage. In Kansas the Republicans have gone further than their associates in the neighboring States, and are insisting that the Democratic party is the "gold-bug" party. It is to be feared, however, that they will not succeed in their effort to make it that. The country will not be so fortunate this year, perhaps not two years from now, as to see either one of its two great parties sane on the money question. The drift is the other way. The danger is that so many Congressmen in the next House will want to conciliate the fiat-money people that the country will be driven into experiments that will prove infinitely more disastrous than did the effort to maintain the silver and gold ratio at 16 to 1 by purchasing tons of pig-silver.

It is necessary, then, for those who desire to see our currency placed on a sound basis to look after their own interests, for on this issue a party label will mean nothing. In the East, it may be taken for granted that the candidates of both parties will be for sound money, but something more than being "right on the main question" is essential at this stage of the struggle. A knowledge of detail, of principles of finance, of the laws that govern currency, of the experience of the bankers of the world, is of the utmost importance. As between two men nominated for Congress in any given district, he who is best equipped for the contest should receive the votes of sound-money men, of the enemies of fiat money, of those who believe that government is not the best provider of a circulating medium, no matter what may have been their party affiliations. In the many districts governed or threatened by Populism and its attendant demagogy, it is to be hoped that sound-money candidates will be nominated, and that a campaign of education will be begun.

The money question is coming to the front in many districts, and in them the contest against fiat money will be necessary and open; but it should be taken into consideration by the people of all the districts.

It is of the first importance that the next House of Representatives should not only contain a majority against fiat-money schemes of all kinds, but a goodly number of men able to contribute to the permanent solution of our currency problem.

DR. PARKHURST'S WORK TO DATE.

Doctor **Parkhurst**'s long and arduous labors have already borne a surprising abundance of fruit. In the disgraceful history of criminal government in New York—a history that is not singular to the largest of American cities—many efforts have been made for reform and for the punishment of the guilty, but no one has turned the light upon the infamy as Doctor **Parkhurst** has. The accusations that he made against the police force were first received by the community with an indifference that was not, however, born of incredulity. Hardly an intelligent man in New York doubted the truth of the charges which were laid before the Police Commissioners by the Society for the Prevention of Crime. It was known that the police were corrupt; that they winked at violations of the excise law, and at social vices which they should have suppressed. It was believed that they were bribed, because most of the higher officers of the force were rich beyond the possibilities of savings from their pay, and that Tammany's power was promoted by this conspiracy between the officers of the law and the criminal classes. But even Doctor **Parkhurst** admits that he was surprised by the revelations of the depth to which the virus had penetrated. Foul as he knew the official life of the city to be, he had not dreamed of its real depravity, while the average citizen had no idea that Doctor **Parkhurst**'s efforts would be attended with other than the results that have usually followed the work of municipal reformers.

It was not believed that his charges could be proved, because experience had taught us to doubt the courage and the honesty of men and women who are in a position to bear witness to official iniquities. But he has been more than vindicated. As soon as it was clear that Mr. **Goff** had made a break in the hitherto solid wall of unwilling testimony, the accomplices and victims of the police almost literally tumbled over one another in their eagerness to tell their tales of shame and imposition. One exposure led to another, until now the people of the city will not be surprised by any facts to which the investigation may lead. And the chief credit of it is justly due to the man and the society that furnished the first convincing evidence of Tammany's guilt.

It was soon after the last election that the **Weekly** was convinced that Doctor **Parkhurst** was possessed of substantial information that would prove against the Tammany leaders a greater criminality than they were generally suspected of. Then followed the trial of the election officers, and their conviction of gross frauds perpetrated in obedience to the orders of the Tammany "bosses." Upon the election of a Republican majority in the Legislature, the **Weekly** insisted that there should be a thorough investigation of the municipal government, but Mr. **Platt** had ordered otherwise, and such an investigation was refused. Public clamor, however, was too strong to be entirely withstood, and an inquiry into the Police Department was ordered.

It was probably intended that this inquiry should result in nothing but a basis for the enactment of a law providing for a bipartisan police board. It is due to Doctor **Parkhurst**'s shrewd refusal to have anything to do with a political investigation, and to Mr. **Charles S. Smith**, that the committee was forced to enter upon the examination which has been so ably conducted by Mr. **Goff**.

This is recent history, perhaps, but it is well to recall it, not only that the people of New York may not forget to whom credit is due, but to make it apparent that the disclosures of the past are but indications of what lies beyond, and that however surprising the proof of corruption may be, the presumption is that still greater surprises are in store.

When the **Lexow** committee adjourned for the party conventions, it had been found that the refusal of a thorough investigation had not served Tammany Hall. The conviction is general that the organization is a mass of infamy, and that nothing pure can live in its atmosphere. Members of the police force are now not the suspected but the proved accomplices of criminals. Their officers have grown rich on vice. They have shared in the profits of the degradation of women, partaken of the earnings of gamblers, and aided in the swindling of the victims of bunco-steerers. They have been active and efficient partners in the "green-goods" business. They have been the protectors of thieves and "fences," helping to bleed the plundered for the joint account of themselves, the robber, and the receiver of the stolen goods.

The Central Office itself, over which Superintendent **Byrnes** presides, is implicated. No sooner was the report in which he took occasion to eulogize the detective force made public, than Mr. **Goff** established the fact that it was with the knowledge of the Superintendent that the detectives advised and procured the promise of the owner of stolen property to pay the pawnbroker the amount of his advance if the pawnbroker would reveal its whereabouts; and the pawnbroker shared with the detective. Thus the three necessary elements to a successful robbery, the thief, the "fence," and the detective, obtained both booty and immunity from punishment. The Police Commissioners are more than objects of suspicion on the evidence already before the public, for, under the pressure of public opinion, they have dismissed captains from the force on charges on which a few months ago they acquitted them.

Doctor **Parkhurst** now asserts that there is a "judicial ring" which is part of Tammany's conspiracy against society. He aims at the criminal judges, and there is already evidence that his charge will stand. The presumption is changed. It is now that Doctor **Parkhurst** can prove any accusation that he makes against this organization. And this being so, what Tammany official is not an object of suspicion, from the man who "bosses" a drove of street-cleaners to the men who buy their places on the bench by the payment of political assessments? The picture that Doctor **Parkhurst** has revealed is more repulsive than even his imagination conceived a year ago. He has shown the Tammany which New York is urged to destroy. His work to date proves that party politics is no more concerned in the war against all Tammany office-holders than with the apprehension and conviction of acknowledged professional criminals.

THE HARLEM SPEEDWAY.

The Park Commissioners held a meeting on Wednesday, September 12th, the first in several weeks, and the principal business before them was in relation to the Harlem River Speedway. Did they receive the report, plans, or suggestions of the landscape architect whom President **Clausen**, in his letter of August 8th, had promised to consult, after having been badgered into it by reiterated protests on the part of disinterested New-Yorkers, not in politics, and not owning especially fast trotters? Hardly. They received a report from their engineer in charge, stating that he has discovered that the size of New York State is not just what he had thought it was.

In order to carry through the plan for a speedway evolved by the Park Commissioners, for which contracts were let some months ago, on which hundreds of men have been at work since, and for which presumably some kind of surveys, plans, and specifications must have been made, they must *now* have more land, and to meet this unforeseen—certainly not unforeseeable—difficulty President **Clausen** was instructed "to ascertain whether the representatives of the **Lynch** estate will not permit the wall to be built on their property for a short distance," and in another place, farther up the speedway, "to ask the Corporation Counsel whether they [the Commissioners] have a right to purchase the little land that is necessary to overcome this obstacle."

President **Clausen**, in his letter referred to above, and which was written in answer to a strong protest against the way in which the speedway had been started in absolute disregard of the rights of the public, and signed by such well-known authorities as **Augustus St. Gaudens**, **Stanford White**, and **William M. Chase**, delegated to represent the artistic sentiment of the city, spoke of the "impudent assumption" of those who undertook to criticise either the motives, the disinterestedness, or the competency of the Commissioners, and whilst promising to consult with an expert, at some indefinite future time, claimed that no one was or could be more competent than the commission, who knew the law and its true intent, loved the people of New York, especially those on foot, and who, we were led to infer, lay awake nights devising means of adding to the attractions of the people's parks, pleasure-grounds, and speedways.

Nevertheless, the reports of Wednesday's meeting of the Park Commission intimate that if the estate of **Lynch** and the Corporation Counsel should answer their petitions unfavorably, they will be obliged, much against their will, to take either a small piece of Connecticut or New Jersey, or eight or ten feet off of the people's sidewalk.

With this *possible* narrowing of the sidewalk in view, the fact that no railings have been provided for in the commission's plans to protect the citizens, not fortunate enough to ride behind trotters, from falling under the horses' feet or into the river, becomes a very much more serious menace. The approaches to an elevated railroad train deprived of railings, and a ball game or a Yale-Princeton match just over, would give one a very fair idea of the sidewalk facilities of our new speedway as projected.

Of course it is *possible* that men like **Olmsted** or **Vaux**, who laid out Central Park, or **Barrett**, **Bowditch**, or **Bullard**, would make these same mistakes; it is *possible* that they would be less able than the Commissioners to understand the true meaning of the speedway bill, and would insist on twisting the road into loops, curves, and kites, although their predecessors in France and Italy built, when required, avenues miles long, straight as a string, and beautiful as dreams, and with which our landscape-gardeners are necessarily familiar.

Another meeting of the Commissioners was held on the 19th, but the ruling spirit, Mr. **Clausen**, only persisted in his course of "unwarranted vandalism." Poor Mr. **Bell** made a feeble attempt to get the commission to act on their promise to employ a landscape-gardener, and also to prevent payment to contractor **Rodgers** "for work he had not done." He was promptly sat upon by his colleagues, and subsided into "innocuous desuetude."

Why are those in charge of the construction of the speedway—a work of great magnitude and cost, of unquestionable interest and utility—so absolutely opposed to having it designed by a competent expert, whose life has been spent in such work, who knows as much as the Commissioners, the engineers, and the contractors together, and who knows besides, what none of them seem to have dreamt of, that upon the making or marring of one of the most picturesque bits of scenery near any great city would depend his immortal fame or his eternal execration.

And if the gentlemen of the Park Commission are opposed to having the people's pleasure-grounds laid out by competent designers, knowing well that no one whose opinion is competent can side with them, having received protests innumerable from many well-known citizens, from the artistic societies, and from the newspapers, what shall we think of these gentlemen and their motives, and what shall we do with such servants of the people?

ARMY MOVEMENTS.

Army officers who are still young, but who have passed one or two decades of their lives in remote Western posts, have been used to cheer their spirits with the expectation that they would live to see the time when most of the more remote and undesirable posts would be abandoned, and the inevitable concentration of a large part of our military force about the great centres of population would greatly increase every officer's chance of being at a place where life was worth living. The change they have anticipated has been forwarded in important measure by the recent general order providing for the concentration of United States troops at railroad centres, and the abandonment of ten posts, the maintenance of which is no longer necessary. Of the abandoned posts, two are Fort Wood on Bedlows Island and Fort Ontario at Oswego; two are in the South, one in Michigan, and the rest in Wyoming, Arizona, and Oklahoma. From the latter posts the greater part of two cavalry regiments, the Third and Sixth, and of two infantry regiments, the Thirteenth and Seventeenth, will be sent East. Fort Ethan Allen, in Vermont, will get four troops of cavalry, and Jefferson Barracks, near St. Louis, will have six troops. The greater part of the Seventeenth Infantry will be sent to Columbus Barracks; and Fort Columbus, on Governors Island, will hereafter be an infantry post, at which a whole regiment will presently be stationed. Nineteen companies will be transferred by these changes from the West to the East, giving the East a total force of 119 companies, occupying 31 posts, and leaving to the West 245 companies in 49 posts, without counting seven companies of Indian troops, which are likely to be disbanded. All the companies of the Fifth Infantry, which has been divided among five stations, will be brought together at Fort McPherson, Georgia; and the Tenth Infantry, which has been scattered between the Pacific and the Mississippi, will be massed at Forts Sill and Reno.

These changes, which have no doubt been hastened by this summer's experience of the vicissitudes of railroad strikes, are part of a general movement of the national troops which changed conditions are bound to bring about. As the Indians in the far West decrease in numbers and hostile activity, fewer troops are needed to look after them, while the massing of population in the great cities calls for an increased military force available for the protection of property and the maintenance of order in times of special popular excitement. As the West becomes still more settled, and the surviving Indians more perfectly civilized, we shall see the same process continued, more posts being abandoned and more troops coming East, until the little army of the United States, less split up than now, shall be parcelled out so that East and West may enjoy more equal shares of its society and protection.

A few more soldiers will be welcomed in the East, if only because of the color they lend to the landscape and the music of their bands. So long as we must have a standing army, it is a gain to have more of it where more people can take pleasure in its pleasant ways in peaceful times, and get the benefit of its discipline in periods of disturbance.

AN ATTACK ON ART AND LETTERS.

The enemies of copyright have not ceased from their activity. Just before the close of the last session of Congress the Committee on Patents unanimously reported a bill which seems to be intended to rob the daily newspapers and weekly journals of their right to a copyright. This bill was introduced by Mr. **Hicks**, of Pennsylvania, but as it is not the kind of a bill that a Congressman would be likely to originate, there must be some influence behind him that sees a pecuniary advantage in this sort of an enactment.

The bill purports to be for the purpose of denying copyright to etchings and engravings not actually manufactured in this country. This would be simply the extension of the "manufacturing clause" of the international copyright law to such productions. In a parenthesis of the bill, however, occur the words which, in the opinion of copyright experts, deny the protection of the law to any species of literary or artistic property which is published in a daily newspaper or a weekly journal.

The great daily newspapers can speak for themselves, and they will probably make themselves heard on this important subject. All newspapers, however, and all weekly journals, are interested to defeat this law, while the literary and artistic world is vitally concerned. Weekly journals are among the chief instruments for the dissemination of literature in this country. If the **Hicks** bill should become a law, they would be greatly hampered, and their field of usefulness would be seriously limited. They are now able to give their readers, for a moderate price, the productions of the best workers in letters and art. They could not possibly do this if copyright were to be denied them. They could not afford to pay for that in which they were forbidden by law to acquire any proprietary right.

The vast amount of syndicated matter, much of it of the very best character, that is now sent to thousands of newspapers in different localities under the protection of copyright, would cease to be collected, and the press throughout the country and its readers would suffer in consequence.

Moreover, the writers and artists would find that the law closed to them a medium which gives them a wide circle of readers, and, besides adding greatly to the pecuniary rewards of their work, makes their names household words.

The bill seems to be one of the most vicious blows both at the daily and weekly press, and at letters and art, that the genius of a Congressman has yet devised. Its speedy and unanimous adoption by the Committee on Patents must have been the result of pressure from interested parties. It cannot be that all the members of that committee would deliberately make war on American authors and artists, and on the most popular medium through which their work is made known to the public.

THE VAPOR BATHS AT GLENWOOD SPRINGS, COLORADO.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.

A HYGIENIC HADES.

THE VAPOR BATHS AT GLENWOOD SPRINGS, COLORADO.

A simple-minded old soldier, who served under Fremont the Path-finder, returned to his native town in the East a good many years ago, and told a plain unvarnished tale of the wonders he had seen in the Yosemite Valley and other wild regions on the Pacific slope. I remember he exhibited a piece of stringy vegetable substance about nine inches thick that he said was the bark of a tree, the tree itself being three or four hundred feet high. By simply telling the truth this gray old fighting-man earned the reputation of being the biggest liar in all the country around. Years passed, and all his stories were verified into commonplace facts, but his reputation was established, and his name ranks to-day in his native town with that of the Baron Munchausen.

Any one who travels through the valley of the Grand River in western Colorado, and tells of what he saw there, runs the same risk. What can a man expect who says he took a half-hour's swim in midwinter all unprotected from a howling snow-storm, and afterwards descended into the bowels of the earth and took a vapor bath, the raw (or cooked) materials of which came straight from Tophet, or thereabouts? Yet these are the every-day humdrum incidents in the lives of the people of Grand River Valley.

There may be parts of the lower regions to which admittance is free, but it costs a considerable portion of a dollar to enter at the gate on the Grand River. It is worth the price of admission, for all the conditions which you had a right to expect are complied with, especially if you go at night.

A black and turbid river flows out from between frowning cliffs; through its icy waters bubble springs of water hot from the fires below. Sulphurous fumes are provided for you as you approach the little door in the mountain-side near the river. It is a trifle disappointing to find the gate-keeper seated on a cane-bottom chair, but after he has told you a few stories you feel that he is the right man in the right place.

He has a tale of a man addicted to the excessive use of tobacco, who went into this hygienic hades clothed only in its vapors, and came out in a full suit of nicotine. Thick doors separate compartments, gradually increasing in temperature, until you are ushered into a cavern filled with a driving vapor that winds about you in steaming folds. As your eyes grow used to the ghostly shifting light you see the forms of half-naked men, some sitting, many lying in hollows of the rocks; they seem to quiver in the winding mists that envelop them like objects in a mirage.

The gatekeeper tells you of old miners from Cripple Creek filled with lead from crown to heels, who in a few days rid themselves of the poison in this cavern. Then he has patrons with more expensive ailments, like the gout, for instance, who take more time in their cure. After the visitor becomes parboiled he is permitted to return to the door and cool himself gradually in one compartment after another. Resuming the conventional garb of the tourist, he looks up once more at the stars, and is thankful that he went in at the gate where they charge admission.

William A. Rogers.

DUCK-FARMING.

As the urban population in America grows greater and more dense, the problem of feeding these multitudes of people becomes always more difficult. City people are non-producers of food supplies, but per capita they are the greater consumers, and much more particular as to the quality of what they buy. Country people more frequently than not consume what they cannot sell, that is, they eat the surplus or the leavings. But the demand from the cities for some kinds of food has become so great that the old-fashioned haphazard way of gathering this food from here and there and everywhere that it happened to be produced is now no longer satisfactory or economical, and the specialist in this thing and that is called upon to remedy the defect. We therefore now have specialists in poultry. One will grow chickens, another turkeys, another geese, a fourth ducks, and so on. Twenty and thirty years ago these were classed as barn-yard fowls, and were in fact that. The city people drew their supplies directly from these barn-yards through the interposition of itinerant hucksters. This method of rearing fowls was unsatisfactory in another sense than that just noted. Chickens and ducks, if left to forage for themselves, are most filthy feeders, and their meat, and eggs also, for that matter, easily become tainted with the taste of the unclean things they find to eat about the stables and barns where used to be their home. The cultivated palate rejects such meat with loathing. It was therefore necessary to feed chickens and ducks more carefully. Turkeys and geese are more particular, and eat very much as a horse does.

Under this new order of things the men who went into the culture of ducks went to the far East to learn the economies of the business, and they have adopted, in a modified form, the Chinese method of culture—a method pursued successfully by these pigtailed Orientals for four or five centuries. These economical and thrifty duck-breeders have taken advantage of the duck's fondness for fish, and have so located their duck farms that the fowls may be largely fed on a fish diet. The Chinese use boats in which three or four hundred ducks are housed; the boats are paddled out into the water and the ducks asked to do their own fishing. So far as I know, this method has not been adopted in America. Here the ducks are housed ashore, and driven to the water, where they catch mummachogs and other small fish. The American breeders supplement the catch of the ducks with other fish food, such as eels and horsefeet, and also with grain. The Chinese do not need to stop the fish diet before sending the ducks to market, for the fish taste in ducks is not objectionable to mandarin gourmets. In America, however, this fish diet must be stopped at least two weeks before the duck is killed, and during the interim and before execution the fowl is fed all the clean grain that it will eat.

Besides the economical side of fish food for ducks, it has been demonstrated that they develop and fatten on it much more quickly than upon grain and pickings alone. At eight weeks of age, on fish and grain alone, a duck is in prime condition for the table; on other kinds of food eleven and twelve weeks are required. Duck-farming is a considerable industry on parts of Long Island, the sheltered bays on the Sound side affording admirable feeding-grounds. The breeders are spoken of as duck-farmers, and they have houses and yards near the water, and everything is kept in excellent order. The incubator is used almost universally, as being more trustworthy even than the patient hen.

It is worthy of note that the Chinese very, very long ago hatched out their ducks by artificial heat, and the incubators that seem so wonderful to us at the poultry shows and country fairs were an old story in the East long before our great-grandfathers were born. It is likely that we got the domesticated duck from China, so long ago that we know not when, and the writers on natural history content themselves with telling us that it is derived from the mallard, mixed in some cases with the musk-duck and the gadwall, and perhaps the black duck. The domestication of the duck has had an effect the opposite of that usually produced by civilization on man, for the mallard is strictly monogamous. Waterton the naturalist assures us, indeed, that the wild-duck is a most faithful husband, and remains paired for life, while the domestic drake is most notoriously polygamous.

Jno. Gilmer Speed.

VIGNETTES OF NEW BOOKS.

Some one somewhere has, in a very smooth verse (that has slipped from memory, so smooth it is), enjoined upon us our obligation to acknowledge beauty in scenes which, often seen, please often. There is no better test, perhaps, of genuine beauty in subjects which employ the skill of painter or writer; at any rate, this touchstone of beauty is a thing near to us, a thing we can all understand, a thing we may lay our hands upon, as it were, and make common use of it justify our preference for certain books and certain pictures. We have stood before them repeatedly, or repeatedly have opened them, and always with pleasure in the subject depicted or described; therefore are these subjects beautiful.

*With the Help of the Angels** is a new story which for its theme has the beneficent influence of a child's unspoiled nature (and a pet dog, of course) in association with mature people who, in one fashion or another, have gone wrong or are on the point of going wrong—people whose natures are not unspoiled. It is a literary venture in the field of *Rab and His Friends* and *Little Lord Fauntleroy* and Mrs. Ewing's stories—only this is not written for children, but for men and women; and it will be best appreciated by those who have read most widely. There is a painter whose talent is too real and too original to command early success, and who, in the first acute stage of disappointment, is ready to take his own life; and just then chance—which, the author believes, is the work of the angels in sympathy with human events—sends to him a boy ten years of age who has also his little quarrel with circumstance and has run away from home. Already they are good friends, and it seems a small matter that they unite their misfortunes, leave their ugly English commercial city together, and together wander through quaint Swiss villages—the man painting away (at twenty francs a portrait); the boy making boyish love to every one, right and left; caring for each other a great deal, for themselves a little sometimes, and for the dog always. The whole story is of affectionately and warmly human interest; it endears a familiar subject by showing it from a new point of view and treating it with witty appreciation. Chance (in the author's sense) is present throughout, leading the wanderers to Le Bosquet, where are a graceless baronet and his graceful wife; and so passion and romance enter, with high possibilities for both of them; and at Le Bosquet are groups of French-speaking villagers who have the charm of Austin Dobson's French people.

Mr. Black also is upon familiar ground—upon territory that he himself has done so much to make familiar—when he tells the story of *Highland Cousins*.† Scotch scenery and provincial types of Scotch character are held at arm's-length, but at the length of an *artist's* arm, and most attentively observed, and described with assured power born of the habit of success. No doubt the minor persons will be found to be the most agreeable. The whims and oddities of station-master and councillor make us forget that they are subjects of an artist's study; and, momentarily forgetting to hold them at arm's-length, we presently find that they have crept very near to us and have become our intimate acquaintances. They are such a spicy pair! As Bottom observed to one little fairy chap who waited upon him in Titania's bower, "I desire you of more acquaintance, good master Mustard-seed." A potent relish is in councillor and station-master; we desire them of more acquaintance; and when they meet at the golf links facing the western sea, we do not merely look on as they play, but we play with them, and rejoice. We rejoice in them and in the possession of them more than in the heroine; and yet this heroine

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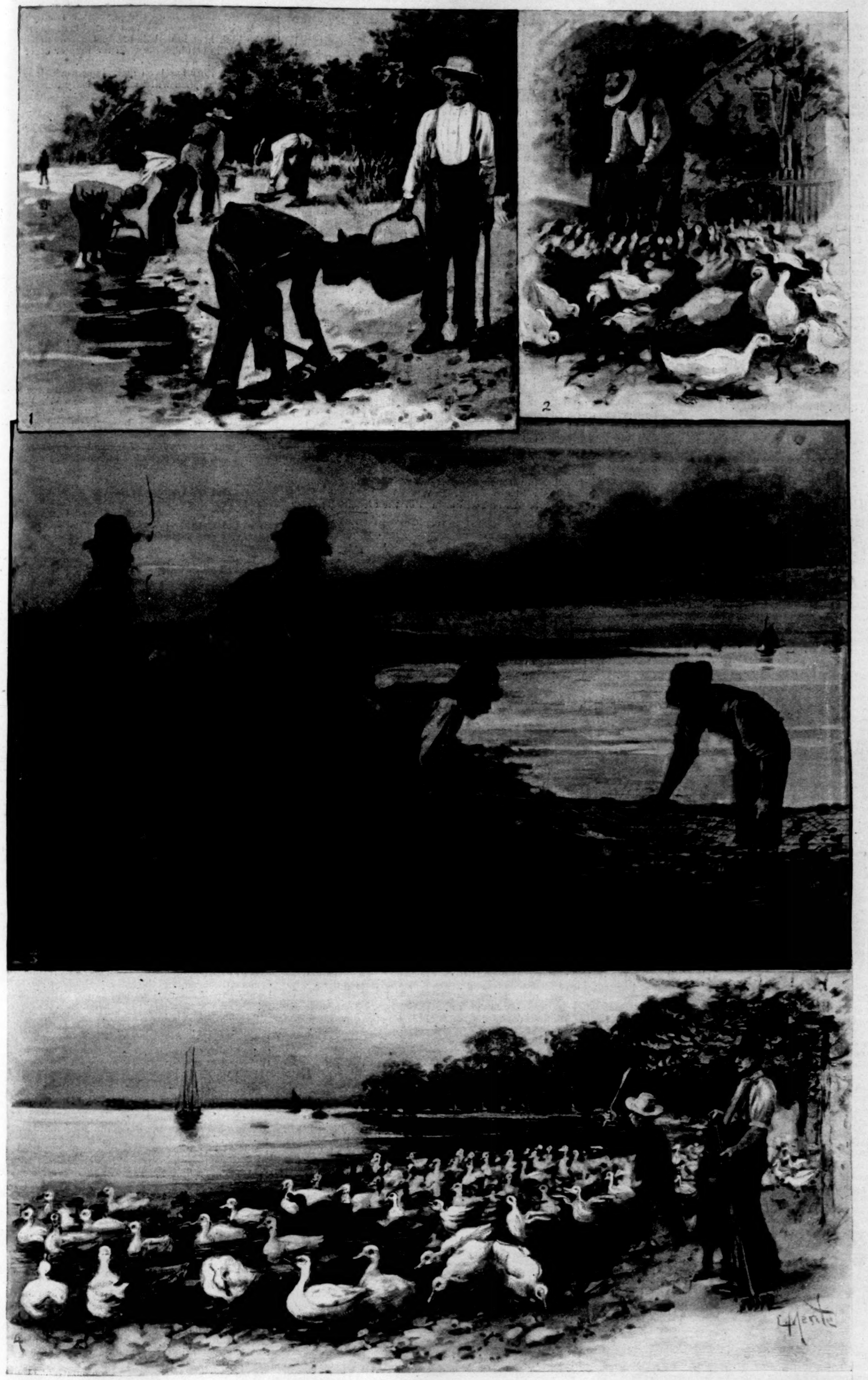
* *With the Help of the Angels.* A Novel. By Wilfrid Wollam. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents. "Harper's Franklin Square Library."

† *Highland Cousins.* A Novel. By William Black, Author of "The Handsome Humes," "A Princess of Thule," etc. Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 75.



HOW DUCKS ARE RAISED ON LONG ISLAND.—Drawn by Charles Mente.—[See Page 916.]

1. Digging for Soft Clams at Low Tide. 2. Feeding-Time. 3. Dragging Net for Mummies. 4. The Daily Outing.

is a central figure with wholly unconventional attractions. She is very beautiful, very poor, very vain, and not very scrupulous. Disaster is inevitable, one opines; but no, not the conventional overthrow. The event is more in the nature of a surprise, and will excite discussion.

And two other books that have just passed, and must have passed almost together, through composing-room, press-room, drying-room, and the rest, to bindery and library, deal with familiar territory. At least two millions of people flatter themselves that this is familiar ground, for it is the city of New York that is made the theme of both books. Well, let citizens of New York, and those who visit the metropolis at brief intervals, take either of these books in hand; then let them confess that unsuspected values have been discovered in their New York, in their ward of it, in their street of it, in their places of business, homes, or hotels in it. *In Old New York* * is the title of Mr. Janvier's book, and the title suggests what he has very skilfully done. If a dull wall, covered with plaster, had somehow attracted the notice of an antiquary, so that he had been led to remove the plaster, to lay bare a painting of another age, and to restore its faded coloring, then the antiquary would have done at a single point what Mr. Janvier has achieved at many points throughout a great city. The past we cannot recover, nor would we if we could; but *In Old New York* restores pictures of the past, to brighten the scenery of urban days. And that the present should not seem less worthy of literary treatment, a series of distinct yet delicate studies of contemporaneous life, giving to incidents and episodes of the passing show "a local habitation and a name," will be found in the attractive volume which bears the title *Vignettes of Manhattan.*† The illustrators of both works are the best who could have been selected, *In Old New York* containing drawings by Howard Pyle and W. A. Rogers, and *Vignettes of Manhattan* some of Smedley's pictures which so faithfully reproduce the fashions of the hour that a witty editor has said "they tell the time of day."

M. W.

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* *In Old New York.* By Thomas A. Janvier, Author of "The Aztec Treasure-House," "The Uncle of an Angel," etc. pp. xii, 285. With Illustrations and Maps. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 75.

† *Vignettes of Manhattan.* By Brander Matthews, Author of "The Story of a Story," "Studies of the Stage," etc. Illustrated by W. T. Smedley. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 50.

THE CREMATION OF GARBAGE.

THE METHOD USED IN WILMINGTON, DELAWARE.

WHEN Lord Playfair was describing vegetable or animal matter in process of decomposition he wrote: "We now know that all the foulness of the living and the products of the dead pass into air, and are changed into the food of plants, so that the great abounding atmosphere becomes the grave of organic death and the cradle of organic life. Plants and animals mutually feed on each other, and the death and dissolution of one generation is needful for the growth of a succeeding generation."

Lord Playfair, who was then engrossed in the study of public sanitation, asserted one of nature's fixed laws. He gave the beginning and the ending of things organic. It was not necessary for him to dwell on the infinite changes which occur in the act of decomposition. We are only too conscious what they are, and how in great centres of population the massing together of vast quantities of vegetable and animal matter is a source of danger.

At once the question may be asked: Why should we wait on the slow natural processes of decomposition; why not get rid of it entirely? What good reason can there be not to expedite the reduction of garbage into its primary elements, and by one effort deprive what is a reeking mass of putrescence of all noxious qualities?

Granting that this is an age of saving, and that nothing is to be wasted, may we not have carried our utilitarian ideas too far? We know that there is a certain fertilizing potency in garbage, but how much? It is this "manurial value" which has in no small measure thwarted the proper disposal of garbage, because this value has been estimated at far beyond its true worth. We do not take into account its dilution, and how very small are the phosphates or the nitrates in proportion to the mass.

It would extend this article too far were the uses of garbage as a fertilizer discussed. The idea of feeding it crude or steamed to animals is a disgusting topic, but, what is worse, it would be certain to propagate disease.

The time is gone when the getting rid of garbage or sewage was to pass it on to a neighbor, and allow it to fester on somebody else's land. Too often carried out to-day, it is the acme of human selfishness, and is nothing short of sinful.

Suppose there was a method of utterly destroying all the potentialities for harm existing in large masses of garbage? Then, again, if the utilitarian idea be fostered, what if that manurial value in garbage were not wasted, but in a measure concentrated and made available? Certainly the advantages of such a process of garbage disposal would be worthy of careful study.

In Wilmington, Delaware, which has, according to the last estimated census, a population of 70,000, with an area of 6112 square acres, with somewhat over 37½ miles of completed sewers, all the garbage is cremated. The Health Department of Wilmington has settled its own matter of garbage disposal. More than that, it looks as if the entire question is near to its solution.

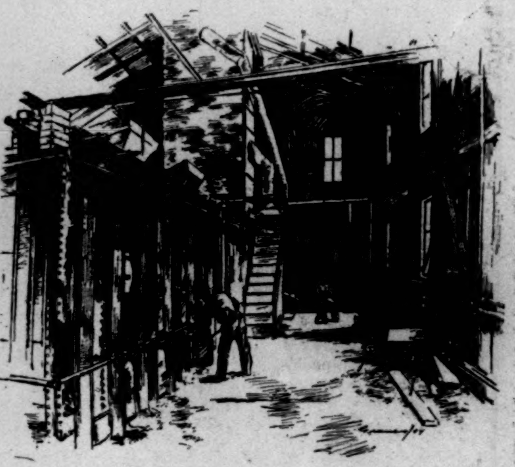
It is one of the hottest days of the month of August, and the amount of moisture in the air just proper for the putrescence of animal and vegetable matter. The opportunity to see garbage at its worst is freely accorded. It is the season when garbage is in abundance, because fruit is in, and, save in the California section, there is no country where fruit is more plentiful or more largely consumed than in the principal city in Delaware. Where the garbage is delivered and thrown into the crematory there is some slight odor, but it is not constant. It could not be otherwise. Below, on the floor of the crematory, there is no smell—save that which follows incineration.

The three illustrations give views of the Wilmington crematory. The carts, which have peculiar iron closed receptacles, collect the garbage from the streets, and bring their loads to the crematory by means of an inclined road. Dumping their loads into a large funnel, the garbage is at once introduced into the crematory from the top. A cart having delivered its garbage, which is accomplished in a few moments, gives place to another, the first cart going on its way again down a slight incline.

The crematory itself is 43 feet long, with an inside width of 9½ feet, and stands 9 feet high. It is lined with glazed fire-brick, and surmounted with a jacket, in which water is always circulating. The garbage, as has been before stated, is supplied to the crematory from above through a half-dozen openings. The crematory has a number of port-holes on each side, which can be opened, and interior conditions are thus rendered visible.

All the machinery in use is a small engine, which works a pump and turns a blower, and a strong draught is constantly acting on the garbage, but coal is not used as fuel. Coal oil is introduced from a tank. This is mixed with steam and superheated air, and the spray from this oil, when ignited, being abundantly mixed with oxygen, burns the garbage. The heat developed is from 1800 to 2200 degrees. The flame not only passes over the top, but at the bottom of the garbage, and then, completing its circuit, goes out of the tall chimney.

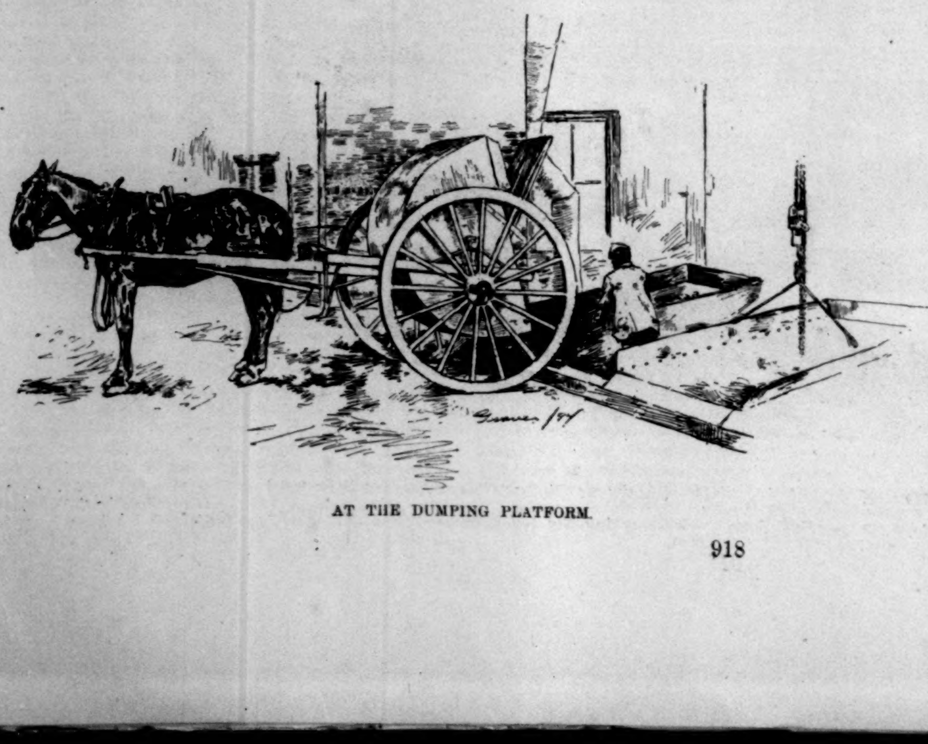
Looking in through the port-holes, garbage in the act of being cremated can be seen. When the port-holes were opened there was no smell around of the crematory; there was no odor of any kind other than is usual where machinery and a rising temperature are to be found. When a load or several loads of fresh garbage were dumped by the carts from above there was no interruption of action. The flames cut through the new mass of garbage, and then passed beyond it. It was an absolute and entire combustion, the resultant of an abundance of oxygen with a tremendous heat. This combined action was notable from the fact that when there was any charring it was but for a second, and then the mass became once more incandescent.



THE GARBAGE-FURNACE.

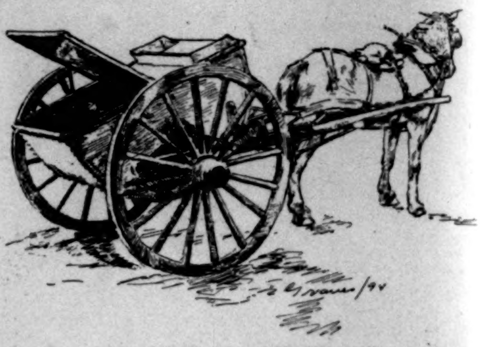
It is in the residuum that may be found the full proof of the absolute incineration of the mass. The resultant as drawn from the crematory was a fine pulverized mass, with here and there fragments of bones. These bones were so friable that they broke under the fingers. There was not the faintest odor to this residuum. A paper box full of this vegetable and animal ash was carried by the writer in a satchel containing personal apparel, and there was no appreciable taint.

Returning once more to "manurial value," this cremated garbage is very far from being a waste product. One ton of crude garbage makes fifty pounds of ash, and this ash finds a ready market at $10 a ton. It contains a fair amount of soluble and insoluble phosphates with potash. That the phosphates amount to over 13 per cent. is readily accounted for. While other vegetable and animal matters are resolved by the high heat into their original gaseous elements, the phosphates in combination with the lime or other bases remain and are in a measure concentrated.



AT THE DUMPING PLATFORM.

This crematory has been actively at work since January 1st of this year, and will incinerate sixty tons per diem—that is, in ten working hours. The work actually done so far, up to August 1st, has been to cremate 3855 tons of garbage, at an average cost of 49 cents per ton.



ADJUSTABLE GARBAGE-CART.

In Wilmington the householder separates his ashes from his garbage under certain regulations, which are the same as are supposedly enforced in New York. Wilmington garbage is at its maximum in August and September, at its minimum in January, February, and March. The cost of moving the garbage—collecting it—in Wilmington is $11,000, and the expense of cremating $4500 per annum, the gross cost being somewhat diminished by the sale of the ash.

The question of cost must be considered when comparison is drawn between garbage disposal in Wilmington and New York city. A plan of cremation may be too expensive, but this can be positively asserted, that in the leading city of Delaware the process of the extinction of garbage is thoroughly and efficiently carried out, and with the least inconvenience to public health. What is done in Wilmington is possible in New York city. The great metropolis might want twenty or more crematories, or plants might be constructed of larger size than the one described as now actually at work in Wilmington.

BARNET PHILLIPS.

PEG-LEG, THE MUSICIAN.

BY ERNEST JARROLD.

THE weather had been insufferably hot for a week. But one evening late in August a wind came out of the north, and with it came rain and hail, which beat down into Theatre Alley with a sharp rattle against the iron window-shutters. The dirty cobble-stones were quickly covered with myriads of melting ice marbles. The wind swept through the alley in sharp gusts, and the rain went through Peg-Leg Pete's clothing as it would through a sieve. Pete was partially sheltered in the doorway of a warehouse. His face and fingers were blue, and he shivered as if from an attack of Indiana chills. Pete was crying. Not because he was cold and hungry, nor because his father and mother were both in Calvary Cemetery. Hardship, hunger, and contumely had been Pete's bedfellows for ten years, and being very well acquainted with grief, he regarded hard luck as his normal condition, and suffered no mental pangs because of his generally forlorn position. But to-night, wet to the skin, empty as a pawned wedding-ring, a pariah in the metropolis of America, Pete was crying because he had lost his mouth-harmonica. His teeth chattered like castanets, to which his sobs furnished a shuddering accompaniment. The instrument had been his inseparable companion for more than a year. Intrinsically the harmonica had no value, for it was battered and tarnished, but to Pete's fancy it was sweeter than the voice of Orpheus's lute. Many a night had the strains of "Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer true," assuaged the pangs of hunger as they came from the instrument at the bidding of his educated lip, and as Pete hugged closer to the cold door-step to escape the breath of the infant cyclone, the memory of the gladsome nights when, surrounded by a group of admirers, he had played melting music upon it, only added poignancy to his grief.

"Mebbe I lost it in de alley," he sobbed, as he felt in his pockets for the hundredth time without success. But while in search of the harmonica he found some matches which had escaped a wetting. During a lull in the rain he slid from the doorway into the alley, and crawling around on his hands and knees, carefully scanned the stones by the light of the matches. But his search was in vain, and just as he had settled himself in his old position the noise of laughter and shouting came to his ears from the entrance to the alley. But the sound of his comrades' voices failed to rouse Pete. Bowing his face to his knees, he cried silently, while the rain ran down the back of his neck. He was awakened by a strain of what seemed seraphic music. It stole in upon his misery like the soft sighing of summer winds in the pine-trees. It was the voice of his lost harmonica. Pete jumped to his feet.

"Say, where did you git it? Ah, give it to me, will yer?"

Snorcher, his bosom-friend, held the instrument tantalizingly out of Pete's reach, then relented and gave it to him. Pete seized the harmonica with trembling eagerness.

"I found it under de boiler in Frankfort Street, where you was sleepin' las' night, Pete," said Snorcher. "Play us 'Daisy.'"

The cripple placed the harmonica to his lips and began to play. He was so cold that his shudders added a tremulous cadence to the music. Oblivious of the rain, which was still falling, the boys stood around in silent admiration as the musical description of the wedding-trip on a bicycle was caught up by the wind and carried out into Beekman Street. Now high, now low, the music soared, inexpressibly tender and sweet. A tall man wearing a silk hat and carrying an umbrella was passing the entrance to the alley. In his bosom was a gem whose flamboyant effulgence and tawdry setting suggested the flotsam of the Bowery pawnshop. There was also a counterfeit color to his mustache. Yet a certain cheap dignity of manner gave evidence of authority. The music caught his ear, and he stopped to listen. When the first selection ceased, the crippled musician played "Sweet Marie," the boys joining in the chorus with a fervor which completely drowned the harmonica. The man stepped into the alley and listened more intently. The "Miserere" followed. Then came the "Soldiers' Chorus," from *Faust*, which Pete had heard at an open-air concert in Paradise Park. The man moved out of the shadows and walked up the alley. As he stepped into the gas-light he heard a loud whisper:

"Cheese it, Pete; de cop's comin'!"

When he came to the doorway in which the boy had been seated there was no one to be seen. The boys had disappeared like mice. By the time his eyes had become accustomed to the darkness he saw a small head projecting from the top of an ash-barrel, and heard a shrill whistle as the owner of the head jumped out of the barrel and exclaimed:

"It's all right, fellies. He ain't no cop. Did y' want anything, mister? Hully gee! where'd y' git de sparkler?"

"Oh, I was just listening to the music," was the reply. "Where's the player?" The allusion to the gem was totally ignored.

"He t'ought you was de cop, an' he dropped in de sewer. Hey, Pete! dere's a man lookin' for ye."

Pete emerged from a yawning hole in the gutter, a little more damp and dishevelled than when he disappeared. Moved by the stimulus of a dime, Pete went through his whole répertoire for the stranger's benefit. By this time the storm had passed over and the stars were shining.

"Well, boys," said the stranger, "if you'll go with me I'll treat you to supper. How's that?"

This proposal was hailed with delight, and they all filed down stairs into the cheap restaurant on the corner. It was known among the newsboys as a "beanery," because beef and beans was the chief dish. There were no cloths upon the tables. The coffee was served in cups nearly half an inch thick to prevent breakage. Some of the boys ordered "collar-buttons"—indigestible wheaten cakes two inches thick served hot from the griddle. Many a newsboy has never recovered from the dyspepsia induced by eating "collar-buttons."

The stranger leaned back in his chair and watched with patronizing pleasure the ten boys eat beef and beans and wedge their mouths open with huge cuts of pie.

"Say, mister, you're a corker," was the consensus of admiring comment, as the boys left the stranger on the corner.

Half an hour later a hack drew up in front of a Bowery theatre blazing with light. The door opened, and a tall man assisted a boy with a wooden leg to alight. The latter tightly held a small mouth-harmonica. He looked around in a timid manner at the crowd of well-dressed persons at the box-office, and followed his companion down a side street for half a block into the stage entrance. Pete gripped his harmonica tightly in a hand that had not touched soap for two weeks, as he passed through a labyrinth of canvas scenery into the greenroom. Here an Irish comedian, made up as a Hottentot, with a bushel of hair and canvas toes of great length, jumped over Pete's frightened head. A young woman, with short skirts and paint on her face, whom Pete thought the prettiest female he had ever seen, asked him sarcastically, "Say, gimpy, where did yer git the mud freckles?" Then a bell tinkled and everybody disappeared. Pete was gazing about in a bewildered manner, when he found himself jerked quickly into a little boxlike room containing two chairs, a wash-bowl, and a mirror. As in a dream he heard his conductor say:

"Now, Pete, brace up. This is the chance of your life. No shenannigin now—see? This is straight biz. You go on next. Step out on the stage and chase yourself up and down that horn o' yours for all you're worth. You'll catch the gallery sure, and that's what you're after. Give 'em 'Sweet Marie' and 'Mother's Teeth are plugged with Zinc.' You know what them guys want. Catch on, eh?"

Visions of wildly applauding galleries arose in fancy before Pete's delighted eyes. But his hard struggle for subsistence had taught him a lesson in finance, and he replied, with business cunning,

"How much will I git?"

"Oh, you'll get your dust all right—$10 a week. I'll give you $5 in advance if you make a hit to-night. Now get ready; there goes the curtain."

Far away on the horizon of his perception Pete could hear the announcer cry,

"Ladies and gentlemen, the next number on the programme will be a harmonica solo by Peg-Leg Pete, the newsboy musician."

Pete found himself in the glare of the foot-lights, his heart beating an alarming tattoo. He was a most disreputable-looking object. His hair was tousled. Patches of mud clung to his gaunt face. His trouser bottoms had formed such an intimate acquaintance with the sidewalk that festoons of cassimere hung about his ankles. He could vaguely see through the wall of fire separating him from the audience a wide expanse of faces, and a thousand eyes looking at him curiously. Not a sound greeted his appearance. The audience was so much surprised at the sight of the unkempt boy that it remained silent and awaited developments. Pete lifted the harmonica to his lips and blew a long-sustained note, so soft, so sweet and low, that each listener found himself unconsciously leaning forward to hear it. The note gradually swelled in mellow crescendo until the music of "Mollie and I and the Baby" flooded the theatre with persuasive harmony. The music was so eloquent and winning that the boys in the gallery caught up the refrain, and

"Molly, Molly, always so jolly,
Always so happy, light-hearted, and gay,"

swept through the theatre like a cyclone, and the harmonica was drowned in the mighty chorus. Pete looked helplessly about, and a stage hand led him behind the scenes. The manager was delighted. He shook the boy's hand warmly, and congratulated him on his success. A French dancer in flesh-colored tights patted him on the head, and looked at him half enviously. The Hottentot beamed on him red-eyed through a shellac of burnt cork, and remarked:

"Say, Pete, there's nuthin' slow about you. You're in it up to the neck. You'll have money to burn if you're cagy. I never heard a kid that could cock a lip with you."

Then the painted woman whom Pete admired came up and kissed him, her lips leaving a smirch of vermilion on a background of sallow cheek. Rapture! Oh, delight! Did ever a boy so ache with delight before!

Pete slept in a bed in a Bowery lodging-house that night, a luxury he had not enjoyed for many months. He lay awake far into the night, looking at the gas-light streaming in at the window. A confused kaleidoscopic panorama of light, music, beauty, and adulation filled his mind. And in his dream a gigantic Hottentot was feeding him cranberry pie and honey.

So Pete found himself on the Bowery at one o'clock on a warm afternoon in August, after a sleep of ten long hours in a bed. Tightly clasped in his right hand, which was shoved deep into his pocket, was his beloved harmonica, while in the other hand was the note given him by the manager when he told him he was engaged. Walking around a corner into a quiet street, he took the bill from his pocket and examined it. Yes, it was a "fiver," sure enough. He stopped in front of a jeweller's window, and became fascinated with the gleaming gems. He wanted to buy a watch, but compromised on a cane, for which he paid two dollars. Then he bought a pocketful of peanuts, and stumped along on his wooden leg, leaving a trail of peanut shells behind him. At the first Italian stand he took on board a cargo of oranges. But peanuts and oranges were not filling enough to suit him. He went into a restaurant and ordered a big plate of kidney stew and a huge slice of watermelon. To the waiter's look of inquiry he replied: "Oh, yer needn't git gay; I've got de stuff in me clothes. I'm a actor."

Up to this time Pete's mind had been so filled with his success that he had no time to think of anything else. But now that the keen edge of the glamour had worn off, he began to feel lonely. The instinctive human desire seized him to tell his friends of his good fortune. He started for Theatre Alley in a brisk walk, hobbling along on his crutch and new cane. It suddenly occurred to him that he was walking when he had money in his pocket, so he waited with the assurance of a boy who has wealth for a car. When the big post-office building, whose friendly corridors had sheltered him on many a bitter night, loomed up ahead, he jumped from the car, and within five minutes he was in Theatre Alley. He shouted shrilly to Snorcher, whom he saw standing near the pile of barrels.

Pete had passed all the afternoon on the Bowery, and now the twilight was falling over the cañon of brick and mortar. As the shadows of the tall buildings swallowed his pathetic figure he looked up and saw the stars beginning to twinkle. The alley was deserted. But this did not discourage Pete. He had sat upon the door-step, and the boys had gathered around one by one and listened with bated breath to his description of his triumph on the previous night. Twelve of his comrades had dined enormously on beef and beans that night at Pete's expense. But now, all unconscious of the hours, Pete sat on an idle truck, going over his triumph, with the proud conviction that he was "a actor"—a hero known to every boy up and down the alley.

Twelve o'clock that night Pete arose to a sitting posture as he lay on the floor under a big boiler in the basement of the printing-office. He rubbed his eyes stupidly, and seizing his friend Snorcher by the shoulder, exclaimed, "Say, Snorch, I forgot somethin'."

"What?" inquired his friend.

"I forgot all about me job."

THE FOREIGNER IN JAPAN.

On June 17, 1857, three years after Commodore Perry's treaty with Japan, the second treaty was concluded. Its fourth article read,

"Americans committing offences in Japan shall be tried by the American Consul-General, and shall be punished according to American laws."

This is the first appearance of famous, or, from a Japanese stand-point, infamous, extra-territorial clause. This provision was reaffirmed in the treaty of 1858, which also opened six more ports to trade, closed Shimoda, and fixed customs duties.

Treaties in 1864 and 1866 dealt with the customs dues only. The treaty of the latter date is in force to-day.

The open ports are Niigata, Hakodate, Kanagawa (Yokohama), Tokyo, Hiogo (Kobé), Osaka, and Nagasaki, and in them residence and trade are permitted.

Foreigners may travel at will within "treaty limits"—that is generally within ten *ri* (twenty-four and a half miles), "measured inland from the Goyoso, or town-hall."

In each of these cities a tract of land is set aside for alien residence and trade. These are the foreign concessions or settlements, and within their limits every foreigner, with a few exceptions, must live and conduct his business, and in them native law is inoperative. The foreign resident therein is under the laws of his own country, which are administered by his consul. This is extra-territoriality.

There are sixteen nations having treaties with Japan, and they present, in the foreign concessions, the singular spectacle of sixteen little governments all independent of each other, dispensing justice and administering as many different forms of law within the same territory.

Each foreigner is registered in the consulate of his country. All legal processes and suits against him, brought by other foreigners or by Japanese, are entered with and tried before his consul, except in the case of Great Britain, which maintains a court separate from its consulate. If the alien commits an offence against Japanese law or regulation outside the treaty limits, he can be arrested by the native police, but he must be tried and punished, if guilty, by his consul, the Japanese government prosecuting the case, and it is also bound, on the request of a consul, to arrest deserters and fugitives from justice who have fled outside treaty limits. Certain customs fees and regulations are provided for, but failure to pay the former or any dispute about the latter can be settled only by a consul.

On the other hand, the land in the foreign concessions is the property of the Japanese government, and is leased in perpetuity to the foreigner at a rate per *tsubo* (six feet square) which varies according to the location of the land, is payable annually, and is the only tax levied. The lease may be bought and sold, but always subject to the ground-rent.

In the *Kencho* (the office of the municipal authorities) is vested all police and sanitary control, and the care of all streets and roads, but the police cannot enter the premises of a foreigner without the written permission of his consul. In Kobé, the foreign settlement of Hiogo, the residents own the land they occupy.

To pass outside treaty limits a passport is necessary. It is issued only for certain specified places, and for purposes of "scientific investigation," and "for benefit of health," and has a limit of time. One of its conditions is that the holder shall not trade with the natives.

It was some years before the Japanese realized the rights they had deeded away, and for a quarter of a century a proud, sensitive, patriotic people have fretted under this form of diplomatic bondage. Many have been the attempts to throw it off, but the seeming impossibility of united action by sixteen different powers, each representing a separate interest, has proved insuperable.

Various as were the conflicting political opinions previous to the revolution of 1868, all parties seemed to be united by one bond—a burning resolve to wipe out from the treaties the obnoxious extra-territorial clauses. To accomplish this embassies were sent to the United States and Europe in 1872, but they failed utterly.

In 1887 the British minister signified England's willingness to reopen the subject of treaty revision, and the representatives of the other powers followed suit. It was agreed that consular jurisdiction be abolished, and mixed courts substituted therefor, to be composed of native and foreign judges sitting together. The latter were to be twenty-five in number, and to be employed and paid by Japan. This was to continue for fifteen years, at the end of which period foreigners were to pass wholly under Japanese jurisdiction. Certain changes in the direction of increased revenue were to be made in the customs duties. Everything went smoothly until the discussion of the penal and civil codes was reached.

The foreign ministers insisted that the finished codes should, before they took effect, be submitted to and approved by the diplomatic body. The Japanese looked upon this demand as a national dishonor. The conference was abruptly terminated, and the disruption of the cabinet followed. Ito and Inouye, the leaders of Japanese political thought, resigned, and were succeeded by Kuroda and Okuma.

Two years later the conferences were renewed. New treaties with the United States, Russia, and Germany were completed and signed; but before being ratified the German treaty was printed in an English newspaper published in Yokohama. The excitement consequent upon this revelation of what had been a closely guarded secret was tremendous, as it was shown that, except within the narrow limits of the concessions, and that for five years only, foreigners were placed under Japanese jurisdiction, and received in return the right to acquire land and to reside freely anywhere in Japan. This was October, 1889, and shortly afterwards a meeting of all the foreigners, with very few exceptions, was held in Yokohama, and resolutions protesting against these treaties were passed. At the same time a surprising reaction took place among the Japanese themselves, and a remarkably strong opposition to the proposed revisions was developed. It arose from the fear that mixed residence and the right of the foreigner to own land would result in the purchase of large tracts, and that soon the alien, with his devilish ingenuity, would ruin the country by acquiring all its best land. The result of all this was a fresh crop of irreconcilable demands and a ceasing of all negotiation looking to treaty revision.

The line was thus more sharply drawn between the native and the foreigner. In and about the treaty ports and the capital strangers have been insulted, and in some cases roughly used. One by one foreigners in government employ have been, except in the educational departments, dismissed, and a new crop of the *jo-i*, or foreigner-haters of thirty years ago, has sprung up.

It is not the purpose of this paper to enter into a discussion of the merits of this matter, or what justice there is in the claims of the Japanese, beyond the statement that consular jurisdiction in Japan cannot last much longer.

Foreigners resident there are strongly opposed to its abolition, and give as the reason a profound distrust of the Japanese. This feeling is in evidence to-day in the otherwise surprising fact that the sympathies of a large portion of the foreign community are, in the matter of this present war, strongly with China.

The sentiment of the world at large, outside of Japan, is in favor of granting her the concessions she asks for. In the long-run such sentiment is rarely wrong, and it is a potent factor in determining such cases as the one under discussion.

The subject of treaty revision has been reopened this year, and its issue is yet unknown.

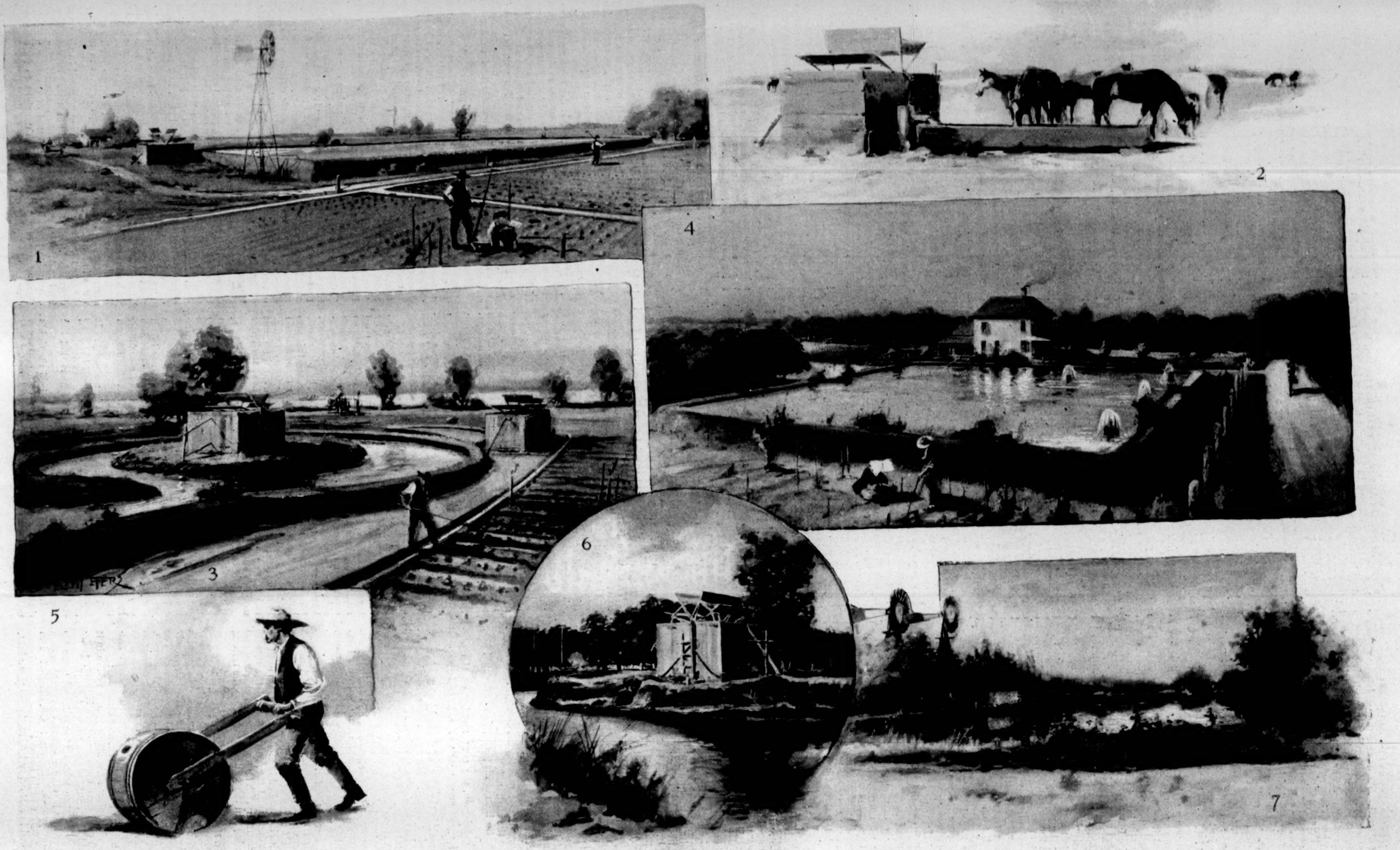
The attitude of the United States in this matter will probably be, as it has been for years, strongly in Japan's favor. In the foreign relations of that country we have always occupied a unique position. Our demands have, as a general rule, been less marked by selfishness and injustice than those of other countries. We have had very few political axes to grind, and there is manifested a constant desire to please us, and to draw closer our diplomatic and commercial relations.

When in 1883 the Shimonoséki indemnity ($750,000) was repaid to Japan, the country went into ecstasies over such an unheard-of example of national sense of justice and magnanimity. In accepting it the Japanese Minister of Foreign Affairs voiced the national feeling when he wrote that "his Imperial Majesty's government regards the spontaneous return of the money . . . . not only as an additional proof of the friendly disposition of your Excellency's government, but as a strong manifestation of that spirit of justice and equity which has always animated the United States in their relations with Japan."

In 1878 John A. Bingham, of Ohio, then our minister at Tokyo, negotiated a treaty in which the United States recognized the exclusive right of Japan, as a free and independent nation, to fix her customs duties, and regulate without restriction her trade, commerce, and harbors. So quietly were these negotiations conducted that their existence was not known in Tokyo until early in 1879. The secret then leaked out in Washington. Information was immediately despatched by the British Foreign Office to Tokyo, and by dint of threats and persuasions Sir Harry Parkes, the British minister, induced Japan to cable to Washington one additional clause, which provided that "The present convention shall take effect when Japan shall have concluded such conventions or revisions of existing treaties with all other treaty powers holding relations with Japan as shall be similar in effect to the present convention, and such new conventions or revisions shall go into effect."

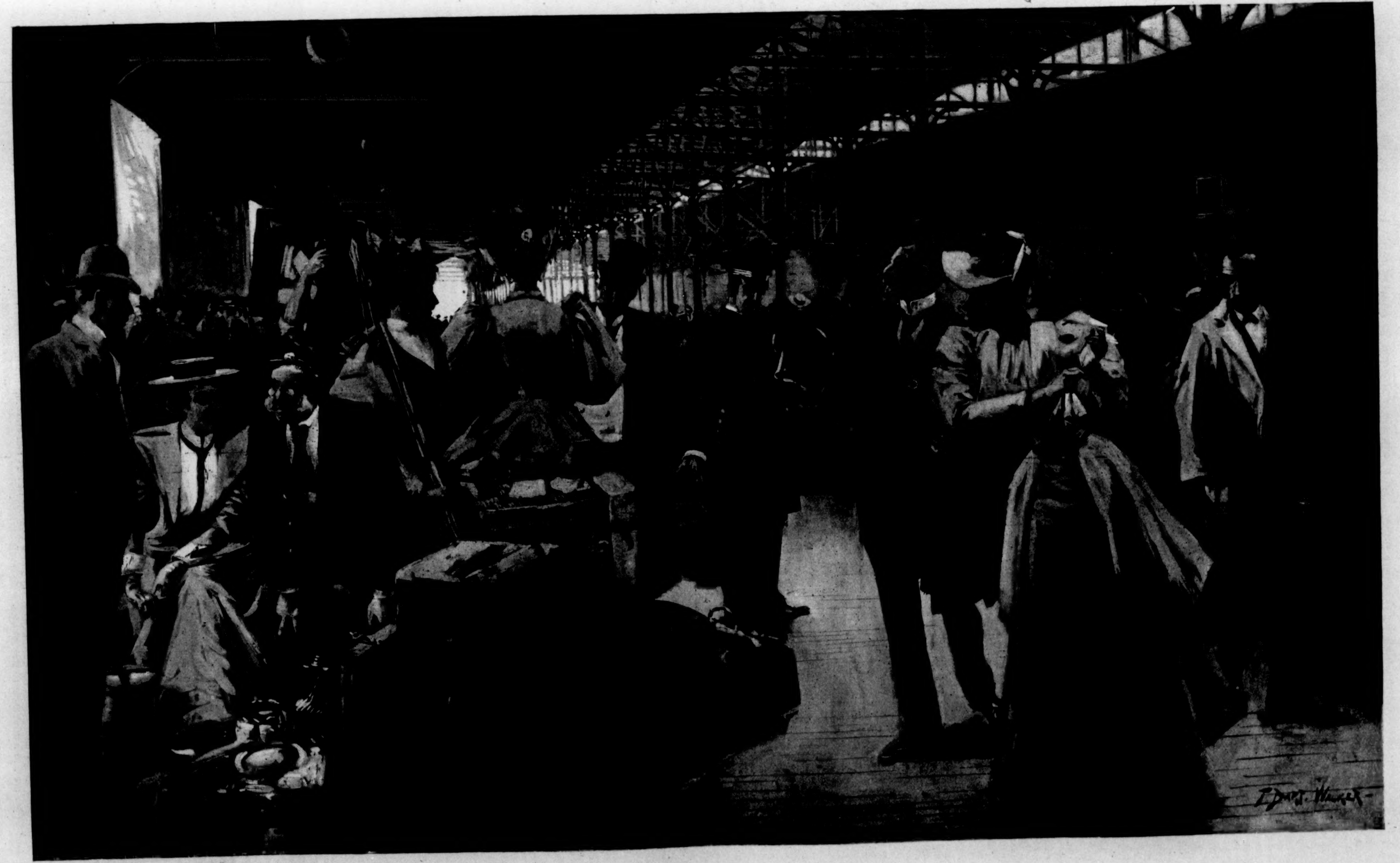
This nullified the whole treaty, because no such conventions or revisions have been concluded nor gone into effect. This clause was added in Washington without consultation with our minister in Tokyo. So that treaty is on our statute-books to-day awaiting the consent of Europe for its consummation—a consent which perhaps success in this war will win for Japan.

Since the above was written it is announced in the press despatches (September 18th) that a new treaty between England and Japan was ratified at Tokyo August 25th. The convention provides for the abolition of consular jurisdiction in five years, yields to Japan the right to fix customs dues as pleases her after 1910, and to limit to her own flag her coasting trade—the three points she has so long contended for. The right of English subjects to own land is not conceded. If these despatches are true, Japan has gained by delay. Eustace B. Rogers, U. S. Navy.



IRRIGATION IN SOUTHWESTERN KANSAS.—Drawn by G. W. Peters after Sketches by H. Worrall, and Photographs.—[See Page 931.]

1. Reservoir east of Garden City, irrigating Twenty Acres. 2. Six-armed home-made "Jumbo." 3. Two Eight-armed "Jumbos" near Dodge City—Pumping Capacity, Ten Thousand Gallons per Hour. 4. In the Artesian-well District, Meade County, Kansas—Seventy-five Acres under Irrigation. 5. A determined Irrigator, who rolls Water Three Hundred Yards to irrigate a small Garden. 6. A large "Jumbo" near Dodge City, on an Island in Churchill Reservoir. 7. Reservoir near Garden City, irrigating Fifteen Acres—Stocked with German Carp.


T. DART WALKER

HOME FROM EUROPE—THE CUSTOMS ORDEAL ON THE PIER.—DRAWN BY T. DART WALKER.—[SEE PAGE 931.]

THE LATE CONFEDERACY.

BY J. K. UPTON.

In April, 1865, the so-called Southern Confederacy yielded to the Union forces, its surviving officers and men returning to peaceful avocations. For four years it had maintained an unequal struggle, sometimes fierce, and at all times unremitting.

To keep its armies re-enforced it had, as was aptly said, robbed the cradle and the grave. Not less exhaustive had been its drain upon the material resources of the eleven States of which it was composed. Failing to obtain official recognition by foreign countries, it could not anticipate future revenues by loans, and thus, without credit abroad, it necessarily depended mainly upon its own resources to maintain its armies and to support the women and children, the aged and the helpless, within its borders. The supply afforded was frequently shared with the invading Union armies, which were constantly going up and down throughout the Confederacy, seeking what they might devour or destroy. Consequently at the close of the contest little of personal estate remained in this devastated country, and of the realty, although the soil was left, houses had been demolished or burned, fences appropriated for camp-fires by both armies, and timber used for bridges and fortifications; everywhere there were marks of the ravages which the terrible cyclone of civil war had left upon the land.

During the storm the political fabrics of the several States had also toppled over, and they must needs be rebuilt. The entire system of labor had been uprooted, and the colored man, the former laborer, half dazed, was wandering idly about, not knowing what to do with his newly found freedom.

Such were the conditions which confronted the ex-soldiers of the Confederacy as they reached their homes in that pleasant spring month of 1865, and which presented obstacles hardly less formidable than had been the armies of Grant and Sherman.

The ex-soldiers, however, and evidently all concerned, went to work with a will, and of the results of their labor and enterprise the publications of the eleventh census will help to tell.

There is perhaps no surer indication of the prosperity of a country than the increase of its population. The following table shows the population of each of the States of the late Confederacy in 1860 and 1890, and the increase therein:

State.	Population.		
	1890.	1860.	Increase.
Virginia*	2,418,774	1,596,318	822,456
North Carolina	1,617,947	992,622	625,325
South Carolina	1,151,149	703,708	447,441
Georgia	1,837,353	1,057,286	780,067
Florida	391,422	140,424	250,998
Alabama	1,513,017	964,201	548,816
Mississippi	1,289,600	791,305	498,295
Louisiana	1,118,587	708,002	410,585
Texas	2,235,523	604,212	1,631,311
Tennessee	1,767,518	1,109,801	657,717
Arkansas	1,128,179	435,450	692,729
Total	16,469,069	9,103,329	7,365,740

* Includes West Virginia.

From the above it will be seen that notwithstanding the intervening war, in less than one generation the population of the States in question has increased in the aggregate 80 per cent., Florida and Arkansas more than doubling and Texas more than tripling their respective populations within that period. Except in the newly settled Territories of the West, this increase is unparalleled. It even exceeds that of the North Atlantic Division, composed of the New England States with New York, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey. This division has in recent years enjoyed a prosperity so marked as to arouse a jealousy in other sections of the Union, and to provoke charges of special legislation in its favor. Yet its population has increased only from 10,594,268 in 1860 to 17,401,545 in 1890, an increase of 6,807,277, or only 64 per cent.—a rate 16 per cent. less than the average increase in the States composing the late Confederacy.

The valuation placed upon property for taxation is also in a general way a fair indication of the material condition of a country at the time of the assessment.

The following table shows the value put upon taxable real estate in the eleven Confederate States for 1860, 1870, and 1890, the amounts for 1870 being reduced 20 per cent. to bring them to a coin valuation:

State.	Assessed Valuation of Real Estate taxed.		
	1890.	1870.	1860.
Virginia*	$393,513,641	$300,032,634	$417,952,228
North Carolina	142,068,932	66,665,609	116,366,573
South Carolina	90,042,723	95,595,742	129,772,684
Georgia	225,054,915	115,158,572	179,801,441
Florida	60,596,574	16,158,152	21,722,810
Alabama	154,706,484	93,778,434	155,034,089
Mississippi	117,004,402	94,622,768	157,836,737
Louisiana	159,619,875	153,074,700	280,704,988
Texas	523,893,098	77,749,254	112,476,013
Tennessee	292,872,811	178,428,300	219,991,180
Arkansas	109,417,158	50,481,843	63,264,940
Total	$2,268,790,613	$1,241,746,008	$1,854,913,683

* Includes West Virginia.

Unfortunately no report of such assessed valuation for 1865 is now obtainable, but the figures reported show that from 1860 to 1870, five years after the war closed, the assessed value of real estate taxed in the Confederacy had shrunk $613,167,675. This amount represents mainly the assessed value of buildings, fences, and other improvements destroyed by the war and not restored five years after its close. It would doubtless be safe to say that before any recuperation had begun there would have been found a shrinkage of fully $800,000,000, and the assessed valuation of real estate in the States of the late Confederacy in 1864 would probably have been (in coin) about $1,054,913,683.

The amount of shrinkage in the value of personal property during the period is not so easily ascertained. It must be remembered that in 1860, according to the report of the eighth census, there was of taxable property in the Union 3,953,760 persons designated as "slave population," and differentiated into "black and mulatto, male and female." Of this population the late Confederate States were credited with 3,521,110, all of whom evidently were included for assessment with other personal property for the census year.

The following table shows the assessed value of all personal property taxed in the States comprising the Confederacy for 1860, 1870, and 1890—the amounts for 1870 having been decreased 20 per cent. to reduce them to a coin valuation:

State.	Assessed Valuation of Personal Property taxed.		
	1890.	1870.	1860.
Virginia	$208,700,236	$105,149,919	$239,069,108
North Carolina	93,231,742	27,645,289	175,931,029
South Carolina	78,219,946	51,534,930	359,546,444
Georgia	190,774,030	66,617,042	438,430,946
Florida	31,165,137	9,826,522	47,206,875
Alabama	104,273,091	30,687,642	277,164,673
Mississippi	49,767,877	47,200,344	351,636,175
Louisiana	74,700,905	49,622,811	155,082,277
Texas	257,005,507	42,037,088	155,316,322
Tennessee	89,887,380	24,597,428	162,504,020
Arkansas	65,320,597	25,141,231	116,956,590
Total	$1,243,046,448	$490,060,246	$2,478,844,459

The total loss of personal property assessed for taxation from 1860 to 1870, as shown by the table, is $1,988,784,213. In this is included the value of slave property, the amount of which is unknown, and can be only approximated.

It is noticed that the value of live-stock upon farms, and of farm implements and machinery, averages for the years 1870, 1880, and 1890 about one-half of the total assessed value of all taxable personal property. The value of such stock, implements, and machinery in 1860 was $463,750,037, and if this relation held good then, the value of personal property (slaves omitted) would have been double the amount, or $927,500,074, which amount taken from the total assessment, $2,478,844,459, leaves as the assessed value of slave property $1,551,344,385, or about $440 per capita. If this result is correct, there must then have been a shrinkage of value in the Confederate States between 1860 and 1870, of personal property taxed (slaves omitted), from $927,500,074 to $490,060,246, or $437,439,828.

This shrinkage, as in the case of real estate, is to the year 1870, not 1865, when the war closed. Considerable of the loss must have been meanwhile restored, and in this case it is safe to assume that, exclusive of slaves, there was a loss, in the Confederate States of personal property taxed during the war of $600,000,000, making the value of assessed personal property in 1865 only $327,500,074. This loss, taken with that of real estate and improvements, $800,000,000, indicates a total loss to the Confederacy of actual tangible assessable property from 1860 to 1865 of $1,400,000,000, and this includes no "consequential damages," arising from the diversion of wealth-producing laborers to a consuming and destroying soldiery. A comparison of the assessed wealth of the Confederacy in 1860, 1865 (at the close of the war), and 1890 may therefore be thus stated:

Class of Property.	1890.	1865.	1860. (Slaves omitted.)
Real estate	$2,268,790,613	$1,054,913,683	$1,854,913,683
Personal property	1,243,046,448	327,500,074	927,500,074
Total	$3,511,837,061	$1,382,413,757	$2,782,413,757

It will be seen that the loss of $1,400,000,000 in assessed values accruing from the war has been not only fully restored, but that the assessed value of property taxed in 1890 was $729,423,304 in excess of that of like property for 1860.

The gain of $2,129,423,304 in the assessed value of taxed property between 1865 and 1890 is the result of the efforts of the ex-Confederate soldiers and their associates, and is, indeed, a victory of more renown than war could possibly have given. Except in recently settled portions, no such increase is recorded elsewhere in the country. It represents a gain of 153 per cent., while that of the North Atlantic Division of the census has meanwhile been but 134 per cent.

It will be noticed that the values stated are generally those given to taxable property for purposes of taxation.

The rapidly increasing value of industries in the Confederate States is well shown in the following table:

Character of Industry.	1890.	1860.
Live-stock, value of	$415,007,709	$381,778,601
Farm lands, fences, and buildings, value of	$2,009,305,988	$1,870,708,493
Manufacturing products, total value of	$579,693,155	$155,461,291
Manufacture of cotton, value of	$40,165,074	$7,850,142
Irish potatoes, bushels of	12,417,269	6,647,062
Indian corn, bushels of	349,451,802	282,627,178
Oats, bushels of	50,330,129	19,906,052
Butter, pounds of	171,996,679	59,631,527
Hay, tons of	3,006,477	1,084,574
Mules and asses, number of	1,355,522	872,838
Cotton bales, number of	7,421,030	6,342,166
Horses, number of	2,652,028	1,742,637

These largely increased values in 1890 above those of 1860 show only in part the actual increase since the war, but they show that notwithstanding the changed methods of labor, the destruction and upheavals of war, the States which failed to establish their independent government have prospered under the old flag quite as well as any of their sisters in the Union, and have a record of prosperity in the eleventh census of which they may well be proud.

Not only in material wealth, but in the education of its people, have the States comprising the late Confederacy made commendable gains.

The education statistics previous to 1880 are not very satisfactory for any part of the Union, but the eleventh census shows expenditures on account of public common schools for the States of the late Confederacy to have been $13,327,813 for 1890, against $6,649,809 for 1880, a gain of more than 100 per cent. in that decade alone.

The illiterate of ten years of age or over of these States have also decreased in number during the last decade 155,051, notwithstanding the large increase of population. The percentage of persons over ten years of age unable to read or write in 1880 was 43, in 1890 but 32, and this improvement has all been accomplished without the aid of public land grants or other charities.

THE ADVENTURES OF JONES.

XIX.—TIGERS.

"I've just been reading," said Jackson Peters, "of an unfortunate family in Tennessee. Two escaped circus tigers have got into the cellar of their house, and are roaring and fighting and bumping their heads up against the floor. None of the family dare go down cellar, and they are wondering what they are going to do about it."

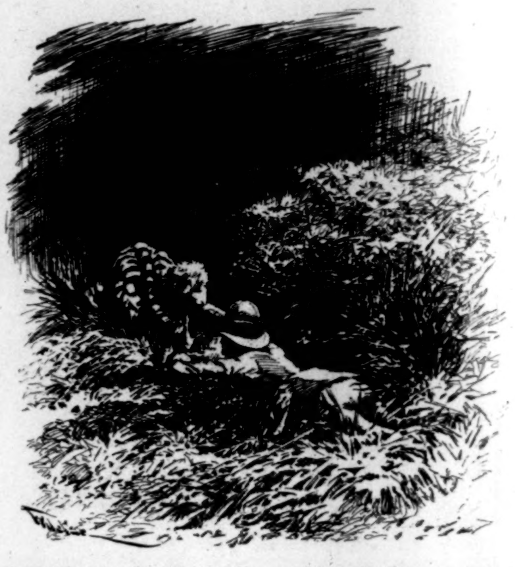
"Still," remarked Jones, "the tiger is a comparatively tractable animal. As is so often the case, it is the mild power which triumphs, and a tiger becomes a mere plaything when you know how to go at him. You remember my telling you of when I lived in Australia and got the government reward of ten thousand pounds for the best rabbit-destroyer by simply painting a black spot on the end of a number of logs and allowing the intelligent animals to dash their brains out in trying to rush into the apparently hollow tree trunks."

"But the difference, Jones, between the cotton-tail rabbit and the man-eating tiger is fairly perceptible to the eye of the trained observer," returned Jackson Peters.

"To the man who is at home with animals, neither amounts to any more than one of these cotton-flannel dogs with shoe-button eyes which you see in toy-stores. I met your man-eating tiger when I lived in India, and found him an amiable beast. His purr is loud and disagreeable, and he is too big to make a successful mouser, but otherwise I liked him.

"While in India I lived in the Bugaboohoo country, which was badly infested by tigers, all of them, seemingly, with the man-eating habit. My bungalow was not far from the Muddi River, which was bordered by dense and in many places impassable jungles. I was conducting a coffee plantation, and the tigers had a habit of carrying off my workmen to such an extent that it was like having a Debs strike on my hands all the while. I endured it for some time, and then decided to calmly yet firmly rid the district of tigers.

"I had made a close study of the tiger and knew his habits thoroughly. As you may remember, a tiger comes out of his lair at about sundown and prepares to make a night of it, much as the domestic cat too often does. The first thing he does is to tune up his voice by a series of raspings on his vocal chords. Then he scratches off a few square yards of bark from a convenient tree, lashes his sides with his tail, and goes down to the river and takes a drink, after which the real sport of the night opens, and he begins to look for likely men. For several evenings I watched a dozen large and ferocious man-eaters come down to the river for their preliminary drink. Though in no way banded together, they all came at about the same time and drank at the same spot. I knew that each of them had killed a score of my workmen, besides many other people, and I determined that I would take them into camp and hang their rugs on my fence.



"For several days I hit on no satisfactory plan for accomplishing this, but one afternoon while sitting on my veranda watching the family cat and her kittens disporting themselves amid a bed of catnip which grew in my garden, the seed for which I had taken from this country, the whole thing flashed upon me. Cutting an armful of the plant, and taking a ball of twine, I proceeded immediately to the drinking-place of the tigers, and concealed myself in the tall grass.

"I had not been there above ten minutes when a large and apparently old tiger came down the path. He paused in front of me and began lapping up the water with his tongue, while his tail stretched on the ground behind him. I reached out, and with a bit of string securely tied a good-sized bunch of the catnip to the end of his tail. He finished drinking and turned, licking his chops and glaring about for members of the Coffee-hoers Federated Union. As he did so he caught sight of the bouquet on the end of his tail. He drew it around and sniffed at it. Then he took a nip of it, and an expression which was almost a smile spread over his face. He sat down, took the whole bunch in his mouth, and began chewing it, all the time roaring harsh but pleased purrs out of the corners of his mouth.

"Gentlemen, I will not weary you, but in a half-hour I had fourteen royal Bengal man-eating tigers sitting about, with the ends of their tails in their mouths chewing catnip and purring at the top of their voices. It was a new experience for the beasts, the plant not being indigenous to India, and for the time being it brought on a state of ecstasy which completely deprived them of their self-control. I picked up a short stick and drove them before me to my bungalow as if they had been sheep, each animal keeping his tail in his mouth. I guided them into an enclosure back of my house, where, you may be sure, my men took great pleasure in despatching them. The fourteen rugs I sent to friends in this country."

"Why did you leave India?" asked Robinson.

"A year later the Coffee-hoers Federated Union set up the cry that killing the tigers had allowed the ranks of the working-men to increase to such an extent that it was impossible longer to make a living, so they boycotted me. They called me a plutocrat who was sucking the life-blood of the country, and I had to leave in the night." H. C.

DUSK.

A misty lilac curtain now enfolds
The fading outline of the distant hill;
Day's lingering crimsons melting into golds
The peaceful western skies no longer fill.

Among the drooping blooms of blue and white
The weary zephyr rests on dreamy wing,
And far away upon the edge of night
A snowy star is faintly glimmering.

A subtle silence broods upon the scene,
And through the spaces of the gloaming cool,
A dab of whirling black on wing serene,
The gliding swallow circles o'er the pool.

R. K. Munkittrick.

THE FRONT DOOR OF PERU.

BY CHARLES F. LUMMIS.

AFTER the ingrown vegetation of the northern tropics, the coast of Peru, as one encounters it at Paita and accompanies it the 512 miles to Callao, has a most disinheriting countenance. More than barren, it is ghastly. The valleys which thread the gray desert, with now and then a filament of green, are quite lost, save for the definition of color, in that monstrous waste. The coast desert is first factor in the unique physical geography which has determined so much for Peru; and across it one gets reminders of its coordinate, the stupendous Cordillera, which splits the country into final duality. Politics, railroads, even patriotism, can never wholly refute the logic of that wall; whatever unity the nation shall attain must be less individuality than twinship. (The islands are distinctly Peruvian, as against anything to the north; all from Ecuador down being guano islands. The more famous Chinchas, farther south, are stripped; but abundance of guano remains north of Callao.) The only good harbor of the 1200-mile coast-line is that of Callao, sheltered by the lofty island of San Lorenzo, which is not, despite the current story, an innovation of the earthquake.

Callao, the second city of the republic, is rather to be considered a fraction of Lima. The first tambo for storing merchandise was erected upon the beach in 1537. With the growth of Peru this chief port and admirable defensive position became probably the hugest fortification in either America—with two castles, 400 cannon, and a city within its ramparts. This fortress, now partly obliterated, stood in the colonial revolution a siege of eighteen months, ending with its capitulation February 19, 1826. General Rodil, the last Spanish officer to haul down the flag of Spain in the New World, thus long defied the insurgents and their allied Chilian squadron, mutiny, starvation, and the plague. The city, a scapegoat for its betters, has borne for Lima the brunt of war, and apparently of nature. The most appalling earthquake in Peruvian history spent its first rage here in a tidal-wave which blotted out the city and 5000 lives, October 28, 1746.

A half-hour's ride of eight miles, with a rise of 500 feet, by either the English or the American railway, brings one to Lima, the most historic South American capital. A charming city it is; and disillusions are blamable less to itself than to prior credulity in the superlatives of the traveller. It has long seemed impossible to look at Peru with common-sense and the naked eye—the modern materialist has donned his rose-colored magnifiers as readily as the bewildered visionary of the sixteenth century. But for Peru, the romantic school of American history might well have died a natural death long ago, without waiting to be felled by Lewis H. Morgan's bludgeon of sober sense.

The natural standard of comparison for Lima is the city of Mexico. In all the New World, Mexico stood next Peru in glory; and the viceroy who made his mark in the land of Cortes looked for promotion to that of Pizarro. But in modern times the comparison is not advantageous to Lima. It is Mexico on a small scale—about "one-fourth life." Leaving outsiders alone, however, the city is handsome and amiable.

The population is curiously divided. The 103,956 given by the census of 1891 is ten per cent. too generous, but the proportions are just—whites (chiefly Spanish-Peruvians), 47,645; Indians, 18,660; Mestizos, 25,481; Chinese, 4676; Negroes, 7494—91,646 were Peru-born, and 12,310 strangers. The unmarried outnumbered the married as 75 to 19; and some forty-two per cent. of the entire population were under 21 years of age—a phenomenon to which feminine statistics may contribute. There is a remarkable assortment of humanity from nearly every land. The negro is at no disadvantage for his hide, but may be "as good as anybody, if not better." He is even to be seen eating in harmony with the Caucasian at first-class hotels. The Mongol, also—numerous as laborer on the sugar plantations and as country storekeeper—here presents a novelty to "American" eyes. In a plurality of cases, one would judge, he amputates the sacred pigtail; and, no less anomalous, frequently marries a chola—sometimes a zamba.[*] The cause of these striking innovations is not obscure. The Chinese of Peru are mostly deported criminals who cannot return to China under penalty of death.

The city is scant two miles long by a mile and a half in greatest width; fairly rectilinear near the centre, more devious as it spreads. Forgetting the wholly different architecture, the Bostonian might feel rather at home in Lima streets. These are narrow, cobbled, and rough. The stranger who would know how an earthquake feels (minus the pathological impression) need only take a hack and bid the driver haste.

Forty feet from house wall to wall is unusually liberal, and five feet for a sidewalk. The streets follow Spanish-American fashion, puzzling to the uninitiated. There is one name (here generally that of a province) for the whole length; but each block has a name of its own. Thus Carabaya, starting from the plaza, is in its first square Bodegones; next Coca; thence successively Filipinas, Divorciada, Pando, Encarnacion, and so on. House numbers run through, but an address is always given by the block. Besides the inevitable saintly appellatives, we have Seven Syringes Street, Jews' Street, Seven Sins Street, Barefoot Street, Whiskered Street, Roosters' Street, and the like.

The effective centre of the city remains where the conqueror fixed it, though the geographical centre has shifted. The heart is still the Plaza de Armas,[†] bounded by Pizarro's palace and cathedral on two sides, and on two by the *municipalidad* and stores. This plaza covers a cobble-paved acre and three-quarters—not nine acres, as has been parroted by one after another of our authorities on travel. This small multiplying by five is hardly up to the average power of the lenses most used upon Peru. The "palace," or government house, has a less massive but more pleasing front than that of Mexico. Its composite interior may be forgiven in gratitude for the conservation of a historic building worth more than a gorgeous but unmeaning pile. It covers nearly three and a half acres.

The plaza itself is little frequented, save on days of the lottery drawing and evenings of the *retreta;* but the fashionable promenading of Lima is done in the *portales* of its southern and western boundaries—stretches of cool marble-paved corridor 18 feet wide and 325 long, their Roman arches giving upon the plaza, the richest show-windows their background. (Only here is there room for two to walk abreast; and perhaps it is fortunate that Spanish etiquette does not, anyhow, permit a lady to take her escort's arm. The stores—with which Lima is prodigiously supplied—are handsome, small, crowded with costly stocks. They do not compare with the best stores of an equal "American" city, but are creditable and characteristic. One may go shopping with full confidence for a $100 straw hat, but a paper of tacks is another story. In feminine adornments the display is most lavish; the most beautiful European novelties are there, and cheap. Every Limeña who "is anybody" follows the fashions, and they dress richly and with marked "style." United States goods are scarcely to be found, except in a few hardware shops. Of Peruvian handiwork little is seen beyond handsome footwear, excellent cassimeres, the general crude silversmithing, cigarettes, and an infinity of bakers' wares. Tobacco should grow to perfection, but the only tolerable weed is imported and dear. Peru still depends upon the outside world for the great majority of her needs—as might be expected of a country for three centuries too rich to think making as cheap as buying.

Limenian architecture seems to have changed much since it was last "scientifically" described. It certainly cannot be termed "flimsy," though the misunderstood bamboo is much used. The houses are solid and suggestive of comfort, their lofty usual two stories matching the height of three stories with us. The Moorish jalousie juts from the front of nearly every house, full of windows, and a pleasant supplement to the rooms behind. Comfortably Spanish as are the houses (and many are of great magnificence), the *patios* have singularly lost their Spanish significance, being commodious enough, and framed with pleasant porches, but *paved.* It is rare to find in Lima the tropic court one would expect; many more are in sterile cobbles, patterned with lines of mutton bones. One sees less of flowers, growing or worn, in this contradictory city of the tropics than in one of our northern towns, and there is like disappointment as to fruit. The truth is harsh to our school-boy traditions, but the tropics are not the place to seek the best of nature. They are matchlessly exuberant; but exuberance is fatal to quality. Except by spots, the unbridled tropics are a devolution to the vegetable or the human. The good fruit in Peru is astonishingly little; its grapes sweet but without bouquet, its peaches vegetable lead, its oranges fibrous, its distinctive tropic fruits not of the best. Flavor is not of the tropics, but a winning of less facile zones—where man and plant are not so prone to run to wood.

ANDRÉS AVELINO CACERES,
President of Peru.

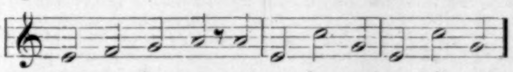
The prettiest street-opening in Lima is the plazuela of the Inquisition, a small thick-shaded triangle. The Peruvian arm of this mediæval religious police retained energy for some time after the European trunk was paralyzed; but the commentators would be saved confusion did they open their eyes to a neglected but unvarying truth: The Inquisition naturally rooted in the American colonies of Spain, but it was solely for the colonists. It had nothing whatever to do with the aborigines, first, last, nor betweentimes.

One is struck by the finished look of Lima. The streets seem final. Cannon, of clumsy habit in life, but agreeable now that their noses are underground, are the regulation corner-posts for street and court-yard. With these, the undisturbed paving, the armorial street lamps, the fonts and railings and dignified benches for the weary passer, and like touches, the city has a peculiar effect of being done, and well done. It has, of course, gas and electric light, piped water, a good fire department, horse-cars on a par with those still rife in the cross-section of New York, and the like furnitures of a conservative city. Hotels are many, the first-class ones excellent, and the French cook omnipresent.

The modern crown of Lima is the Exposicion. This noble park of about thirty-four acres,[*] with its costly enclosure, fine Italian arches, and palace, is a public garden of which any city might be proud. It wears still the scars of the Chilian stabling; its zoological and art collections were looted to befeather Valparaiso; but it is still an untiring joy. The national exposition in its palace is nothing remarkable, except in the latest, oddest, and, one might almost say, now chief output of the country. Peru has had a wholly unparalleled mining history. First, silver in mass, till then unheard of. Cerro de Pasco alone has produced $750,000,000. Then guano. In the last three years in which Peru enjoyed this revenue (cut off by the Chilian war) the rocky bird islands of her coast yielded $135,000,000. Then the vast nitrate beds. And last and least, but of growing value, mummy-mining. It is one wealth of Peru which has thus far escaped the lien of the creditor. Her railroads, navigation, minerals, rents, and expectations are in alien pockets, but the blanket veins of mummies are still here—a mine sufficient to upset the curio market of the world. The display of Peruvian antiquities in the exposition is fine beyond all proportion to all else.

The wanderer beyond bookbindings comes now more than half a century too late to see the picturesqueness of dress which once marked Lima. Persons living can recall the good old days of the *saya y manto;* but outside their memory and the book of travel this coquettish dodo went extinct two generations ago. It was the characteristic garb of the high-born Limeña, and well beset her trim roundness. But to-day she thinks *viâ* Paris. The distinctive dress of the Peruvian cavalier is as far forgotten; even the poncho is not to be thought of in town. Outside the aristocracy there remains trace of nationality. Possibly a majority of the *criollas* (of Spanish blood but born in Peru) still cling to the *manta,* which so far better fits any Spanish face than beribanded hat or beflowered bonnet. I do not, however, know any other Spanish community where this means of grace is so ill requited. Here this most beautiful and effective of head draperies is hauled, twisted, and pinned about the wearer till it becomes a sort of spiral jersey from hips to crown, and her head and neck from behind look like those of a black tortoise. The poorer classes—less from superior taste than for want of a servant to pin them up behind—wear the manta as heaven and art design it to be worn—that is, loose. (It is curious how specifically the aristocracy has followed after French gods, and thereby half spoiled their capital, which is neither Paris, which it imitates, nor longer Lima.) French has twenty adepts where English has one, and the American neighbor is as unheeded as the Insular is little loved. A manly French admiral saved Lima from destruction by the Chilians, while Albion's representatives rested with placarding the buildings occupied by her Majesty's subjects.

Despite the Frenchification of the aristocracy, the streets are not bare of picturesqueness. The venders of cakes and of lottery tickets; the strawberry-man, with scores of *canastillos* lashed to a long bamboo; the shambling *portadores,* with their stiff-necked loads; the *lecheras,* with milk-cans in rawhide casters at either side of the saddle—these, and many more, are fully picturesque. A pervading presence is the melon-vending chola astride her panniered mule, keening,



in a tone lugubrious as the *yaravi* of her mountains. Less vociferous, but as quaint, are the bread-carriers. Their circumstance is a beast, six-sevenths of which precedes their precarious perch, and two big rawhide boxes bearing the baker's "brand." (One popular trade-mark is "Bread of the Holy Ghost.")

A city of the tropics—only twelve degrees below the equator—Lima is not so hot as habitual New Orleans or summer New York, and for half the year could teach London the rudiments of fog. (Its people may be pardoned for worshipping their minted *sol,* for by months at a time that of heaven's coinage is withdrawn from visible circulation.) The "winter," from June to November, is largely a saturated solution of fog, cheerless and shivery, though the mercury never goes below 50° Fahr. Summer, the rest of the year, is warm up to a rare 100°, but without serious results to man. By its position Lima is a trap for every fog of the Pacific, and is not only livable but pleasant when the bare coast is a tropic gridiron.

This climate, invented for and monopolized by one sole point of the Peruvian coast, is peculiarly enervating. For the gravity of its results I would compare it with that of southern Ohio and Indiana—though 350 years have not given Lima as sluggish gait or as sallow cheeks as rule in our hoop-pole districts. It is far more fashionable to die in New Orleans than in Lima; and to compare it with Mexico, Havana, or several other American capitals, is simply folly. It is a curious, not a mortal, climate. (The average look is of excellent health, leanness almost a rarity, the pace of the streets sufficiently nimble. A generation ago Von Tschudi found a prodigious malarial habit; but no such mark is on the faces of the well-drained city of to-day.)

Above all, the climate of Lima has developed a type of female beauty famous the world over; and a sky responsible for handsome women (and most benignant to maternity, moreover) cannot be wholly bad nor half uninteresting. I bring the climate and the ladies of Lima thus together because there seems to be a chemical affinity. In the evolution of a type so characteristic and so striking, climate has been the factor next most potent to descent. In no other city have I seen so large a proportion of beautiful women—and so few lovely ones. The type is not merely of Spain, but specifically of its merriest province, and again sub-specifically provincialized in Peru. It is the Andaluz grown exuberant with the tropics; the original piquancy less salient in the new adipose. It is—if one dare breathe such profanity of such haughty beauty—the drop of darker blood; the same social sunburn which has so changed the face of our own South. The eyes are beautiful, and the nose fine; the mouth generally handsome, if over-full; but in chin and jaw and upper neck is a suspicion of weight which contradicts the charms above. It is a face too heavy at the physical end. Yet now and then one sees an ideal face. The type chosen to speak for Limeña beauty is thoroughly Limenian, but of the rarest stamp.

The beauty and the morals of the capital cannot be omitted from any serious study of the nation. In a sense, Lima is not Peru—and hardly Peruvian. But in another it is very much Peru. With one-twenty-sixth of the whole population of the republic, with the reins of government in its hands, it has a disproportionate preponderance, aided by the unique topography. It is the front door of Peru, and yet opens into nothing. From Lima, any other Peruvian city, except its suburban port, is practically inaccessible. One must take steamer from Callao to some minor threshold, and thence thread the desert or tempt the Andean wall and its grim sentinel, the *sorojchi;* or undertake some muleback days or weeks from the capital. Peru seems to have been

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[*] The cholo is the cross of Indian with other blood, the zambo the diluted African.

[†] Since the royal ordinance of 1573 the Plaza de Armas has been a specific thing in Spanish-American cities, both as to name and as to location, with reference to the Palacio and the principal church. Plaza Mayor is a mere nickname.

[*] Two hundred acres in all, but the rest not yet thrown open.

THE HEART OF LIMA, FROM SAN CRISTÓBAL.

framed rather for a penitentiary than for a household, with every room walled up against every other. This segregation gives greater local autonomy to the inland cities, but forces them to give Lima fuller national control. Furthermore, outside of Callao—which really does not count apart—there is no other city in Peru half the size of Lima; and of the second class, but half a dozen towns, with populations ranging from 12,000 to 26,000. From these conditions it is not far to realize that the morals of Lima have something to say in making Peruvian history.

What those morals are is not precisely to be described, and for inference one datum must suffice. According to the published official records of Lima for nine years past, illegitimate births overtop the legitimate in the ratio of 204 to 143. Nor are the gaps all in the fences of the poor; nearly one-half the white births were illicit. In a society where not even every other child comes honestly by the world—and barely two in five—lawful heredity must be taxed to fatten the parasite. To each generation must befall less stamina to resist, less physique to endure the consequence of yielding. Climate and laxity have reacted back and forth till it is impossible to differentiate their responsibility. One is tempted half to the diagrammatic notion that if the Limeñas had not been so beautiful and so—beautiful—Peru might not now be in the pockets of the stranger, and the Chilian wolves might have found a flock less easy to be rent. On the other hand, due credit should be given Lima for the consummate decency of the streets. In no city of ours is there anything comparable. There is no accosting, no flirting, no ogling, no suggestiveness whatever.

The strong Moorish and Hebraic strain in the Spanish of Peru keeps its heritage of acuteness, but has lost its tenacity. Both sexes are bright, polished, charming; amiable but not deep, and not "staying." One clever satiric weekly puts it:

"In Peru all is good but the people;
Not that they're wicked, or of ill-intention—
Simply, they're good for nothing worth the mention."

If "a fault confessed is half redressed," Peru is in a good way. Her papers are mercilessly frank. Lima has five dailies, sober and with small "nose for news"; and a politics-begotten and fluctuating crowd of weeklies, outspoken, epigrammatic, overrun with satiric verse.

LIMA—PLAZA DE ARMAS AND CATHEDRAL.

The lightness of morals may suggest the ponderosity of money. Perhaps no other civilized nation is so clumsily equipped. Gold has been forgotten, the bank-note repudiated, and there remains but the hectic silver. Within a decade Peru still enjoyed a paper medium, but after long depreciation it was wiped off the slate by supreme decree between two days. No hint of convenience remains. One goes to the bank for a little spending-money literally with a porter and a canvas sack. The inconvenience thus perennially endured by a proud city—and whole nation—with mountains of metal at hand, and a fine mint* to make it current, is past belief. There is not even exchange between Lima and the chief cities of the interior.

Circumstance as much as climate must answer for the devolution of the once Queen City of the Americas. Of such isolation and such riches as no other land ever combined, the union had one logical issue. A colony so beyond effective reach of the mother nation, with 5000 miles between the making of law and the enforcement of it, dependent, yet half irresponsible, and with wealth too facile for human balance—it is not even pleasant to think what might have befallen had New England been a mistress so seductive as Peru—this became the most self-centred, haughty, and corrupt of the Americas, as far forgetting the strict laws of Spain as those of political and moral sanity.

It was poor training for self-government. We will hope, and may believe, that the Spanish-American colonies shall finally be the better off for the stroke of 1821. But thus far, and with the exception of Mexico, Ecuador, Chile, and the Argentine, they are only the worse for the experiment—Peru particularly. After seventy years of freedom from every one except herself, she was never so disrupted, never so corrupted, as now; and for the first time in her bewildering history is poor, despite the flattering placard, "No external debt." The creditor has simply moved in-doors to manage the household for himself. Mexico is waxing a young giant, because Mexico is what may be called a republic in chancery. It is self-governed, with the help of the czar. Could Peru have had a Diaz, it might already be learning to walk alone in the short dresses of republicanism; but without that providential despotic fist at the waistband the learning is long and full of stumbles. The most tottering brat generally learns his legs in time, and so may Peru; but now it is a nation governing itself before it understands or absolutely desires self-government as distinct from self-indulgence. After the salutary exercise of the war of independence, the fabulous bonanzas of guano and saltpetre came to spoil Peru again with more money than she could find dogs to throw it at. Cerro de Pasco and Potosi, once the greatest silver-mines that have ever been, had sadly dwindled. Agriculture has never had due development. And suddenly Chile stepped in and in a brutal and one-sided war stripped the spoiled beauty of her last jewel, and almost of the wherewithal to cover her nakedness. She pocketed the guano and nitrates; and what little was left by Chile has been swallowed up by England in cancellation of the external debt.

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* Founded 1565.

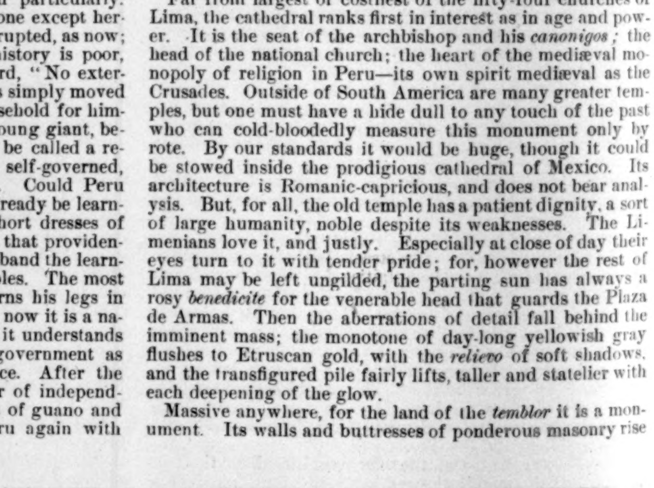
To understand the fantastic heights from which Peru tumbled it needs not to go back to viceroyal processions of pearl-covered steeds over a pavement of silver ingots, nor to enter the few mansions still stuffy with barbaric splendor. One has but to follow that curious index finger of society, the significant Israelite. It is bewildering to see in his shops the procession of the metals reversed; one cannot but recall Hernando Pizarro and his band marching on silver horseshoes. More than three centuries after that farrier's job at Jauja silver was still used in Peru because iron was too expensive. Nothing was too mean or too bulky to be put in silver by a people whose short-legged ingenuity in vain tried to keep up with the giant strides of their wealth. Since 1883 decayed families have been eating their silver services and wrapping themselves in other heirlooms. To a country whose great resources have been slowly drained or suddenly expropriated, where even the resultant pinch could not coerce high-born reluctance to sweat in new development, the ten years have not been sufficient probation. And thrice unhappy the land whose sons see in her politics a labor-saving invention for "gentlemen."

One cannot go far in any consideration of Lima without taking note of its temples. In the beginnings of America no other one factor was so potent as the Roman Church. The viceroy of Peru held the highest office ever bestowed by the Spanish crown; the religious head had in the New World no superiors and but one equal. It were as idle to study Peru without reference to its religious side as to analyze New England, forgetting Puritanism. (The absurdity, indeed, would be far greater.) Peru remains to this day a Catholic corporation, limited. Its national constitution expressly forbids the public practice of any other religion. During my stay in Lima the cabinet Minister of Justice, Religion, Instruction, and Charities (who found time to be contemporaneously a bishop) publicly prosecuted a newspaper in Callao for having called the Pope a miser. The jury, however, found for defendant, on the ground that his Holiness was not really damaged by the epithet. With all respect for the Catholic Church which any serious study of early America must instil, one feels that the public health of Peru shows traces of this shutting of doors and windows against the ventilation of tolerance—as a descendant of the Pilgrims may be glad that the moral climate of New England came to be tempered with other weather besides the Puritan snows. The religious splendor of Lima has decayed. In 1670 there were 6000 *religiosos* in its orders, and San Francisco alone had 500 priests in his three convents. To-day there are in Lima 400 priests—pretentious volumes still multiply the truth by fifteen.

LIMA—CONVENT OF SANTO DOMINGO, FOUNDED 1540.

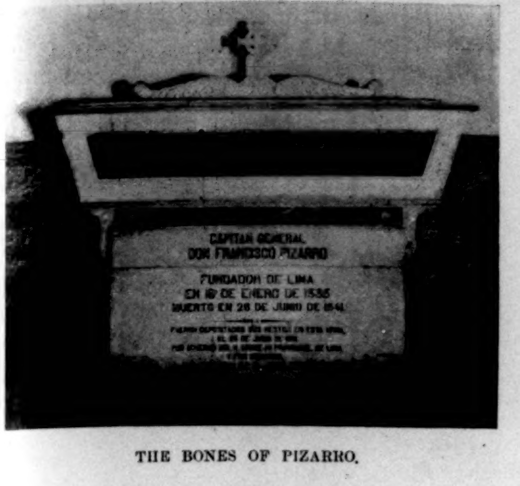
Far from largest or costliest of the fifty-four churches of Lima, the cathedral ranks first in interest as in age and power. It is the seat of the archbishop and his *canonigos;* the head of the national church; the heart of the mediæval monopoly of religion in Peru—its own spirit mediæval as the Crusades. Outside of South America are many greater temples, but one must have a hide dull to any touch of the past who can cold-bloodedly measure this monument only by rote. By our standards it would be huge, though it could be stowed inside the prodigious cathedral of Mexico. Its architecture is Romanic-capricious, and does not bear analysis. But, for all, the old temple has a patient dignity, a sort of large humanity, noble despite its weaknesses. The Limenians love it, and justly. Especially at close of day their eyes turn to it with tender pride; for, however the rest of Lima may be left ungilded, the parting sun has always a rosy *benedicite* for the venerable head that guards the Plaza de Armas. Then the aberrations of detail fall behind the imminent mass; the monotone of day-long yellowish gray flushes to Etruscan gold, with the *relievo* of soft shadows, and the transfigured pile fairly lifts, taller and statelier with each deepening of the glow.

Massive anywhere, for the land of the *temblor* it is a monument. Its walls and buttresses of ponderous masonry rise



The Patrocinio. S. Liberata.

LIMA—CHURCHES AND NUNNERIES.



THE BONES OF PIZARRO.

sixty feet; its towers more than as much higher. Towers and roof are less ponderous, though by no sane person to be called "flimsy." Nature invented tubular steel in the bamboo some time before man had the thought to borrow her idea. In all the towers of Lima fasces of bamboo largely take the place and fully meet the requirements of beams. There is not much complaint of the solidity of a tower a part of whose chime is the 31,000-pound bell *Cantabria*.

Within, the architecture of the cathedral is clumsy; what should be a vast chamber being parcelled into a seeming huddle of churches under one roof. Its plate, its hangings, the Murillo upon its walls, cannot restore its shorn dignity. But in a modest chapel of the northern aisle is the most precious relic of the southern continent.

Lima was not first choice to the conqueror for site of his capital. He had picked Jauja; but finding that to maintain the city in that pocket of the Andes would be seriously detrimental to the aborigines, he abandoned that plan; for Pizarro's "Indian policy," from his first day in Peru to his last, was inflexibly the noble and humane policy of Spain, never yet matched by other nations. In 1534 he crossed the Cordillera to Pachacamac, explored the coast, and elected Lima. In January following he made his project fact, christening on the 6th his city-to-be. On the 18th he laid the corner-stone of this cathedral—backset by earthquakes, and finally inaugurated October 19, 1625. In Lima passed not the most stirring, but perhaps the most touching period of his life. The conquest of an "empire" (as it was in size, though not in any other sense), with 187 men and a few flintlocks, had gone to its unique page in history; and now the soldier sheathed that wizard sword and turned to the commonplaces of organizing and civilizing. There is a great pathos in the terse chronicle of Pizarro as founder—this he who went against such odds of nature and of man as were never overcome before; and his miracle of arms no sooner wrought, bent patiently and with the very joy of fatherhood to build and adorn a home for his first-born nation. From here he established education and religion, revolutionized the native crudities of agriculture and mining, and created commerce—in all, giving Peru a wise and wide foundation, upon which she might have builded better. From here he dealt in marvellous gentleness with Almagro, the first Judas of Peru. Here, in an upper room of this old *palacio* which he founded, Almagro's jackals found him; and in the swarming passageway pulled the old lion down, at last, upon their carcasses.

The conqueror was buried under his cathedral; and for three hundred and fifty years to a day slept undisturbed. Then, by access of reason, and against the blind anti-Spanish prejudices of the republic, the bones that made Peru were given fitter setting. At one side the faded chapel's faded altar stands a simple sarcophagus of Italian marble and plate-glass, its contents visible in their entirety,

> "And underneath is written,
> In letters all of gold,"

what reads in English:

CAPTAIN-GENERAL
DON FRANCISCO PIZARRO,
FOUNDER OF LIMA
ON THE 19TH OF JANUARY, 1535,
DIED ON THE 26TH OF JUNE, 1541.

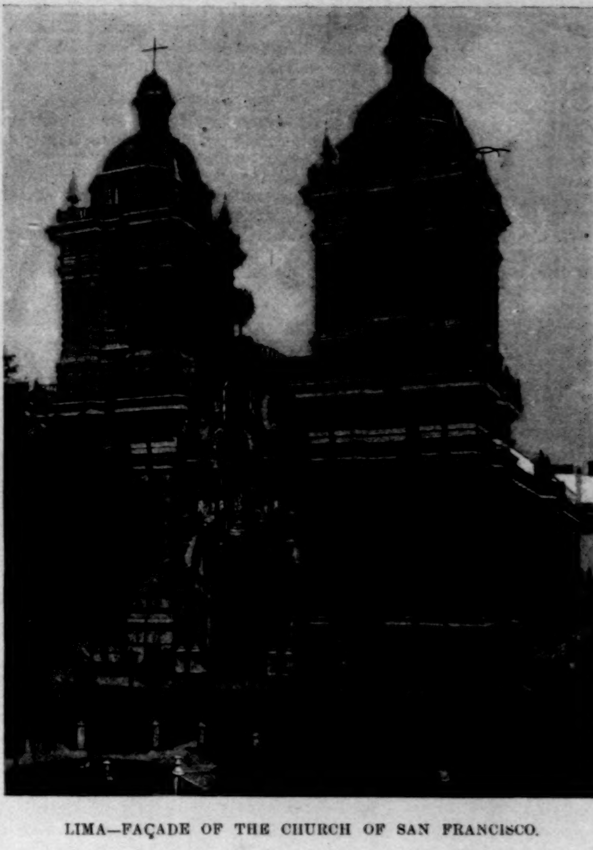
His remains were deposited in this urn
the 26th of June, 1891,
By resolution of the Honorable Council of the Province of Lima,
and at the suggestion
Of the Sir Alcalde, Don Juan Revoredo.

Nothing has so entered and possessed me as the tangible step across three centuries and a half to meet Pizarro face to face. This five feet six of leathered bones is Francisco Pizarro. These naked upward toes are they that trudged an Odyssey beside which the Ithacan's was a school-boy ramble. This bony hand, clasped with its bony mate, is it that drew the dagger mark on the sands of Gorgona—a crisis of which even the twice-blind historian was fain to say, "There is nothing in the annals of chivalry to surpass this." This firm, shapely skull is the head that began on the bastard shoulders of the swineherd of Truxillo, and ended on those of the grandee First Captain of the New World; that countermanded human gravitation, and disproved the multiplication table. The bony jaw is set, still, as it grew wont against the floundering years of the Colombian swamps, the eternal outnumbering of nature and of man, and as it clinched last in the palace corridor, while the stiff old arm dealt out Toledo to coward hearts, against odds to the end.

There has been double resurrection, of bones and name; the real Pizarro has come up from the *bovedas* of the cathedral and the deeper dark of the Romantic School to stand at last, in the light of scientific truth, at the head of the Conquest. As military achievement, his ranks above that of Cortes; and in moral greatness there is no comparison between the educated cavalier whom success turned tyrant, traitor, and wife-murderer, and the just, unspoiled hero who died as he had lived—God-fearing and true. Pizarro's career ran an unparalleled gauntlet from the very lowest note of human circumstance to the highest; but he never lost his balance—that last test by which Columbus and Cortes fell.

In 1891 a commission of the foremost scientists of Peru exhaustively studied Pizarro's remains at their disinterment. The identification was absolute. Despite Peruvian bigotry against all things Spanish, the commission reported that the skull's "notable cerebral capacity reveals a superior man." The inquest "affords a new proof of his uprightness and valor." In 1894 certain closet explorers in the United States, working from a drawing of a photograph of this 350-years' mummy, and without ever seeing the remains or having remote authority from the report, have published a quasi-scientific statement that the skull is that of "a typical criminal of to-day." Did such a recognized type exist—as those less innocent of craniometric knowledge admit it does not yet—it would recall the familiar Lincoln story of Grant's beverage. The gist of the indictment is that Pizarro had a chin—as should have been expected from his record—and the excuse for it the sanguine scientist's blissful ignorance that since he finished his reading modern scientific research has left very little of Prescott's picture of the Incas and their conqueror.

LIMA—PALM CIRCLE IN THE EXPOSITION.



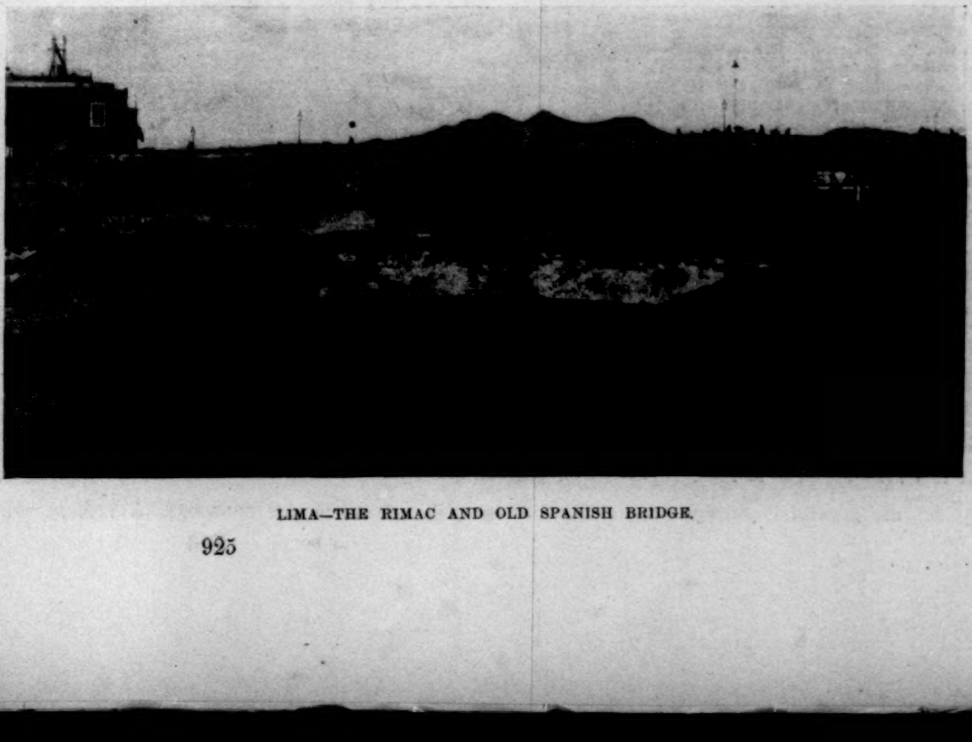
LIMA—FAÇADE OF THE CHURCH OF SAN FRANCISCO.

The body has suffered no more by the centuries than myriads of others in this strange climate. It remains the practically perfect mummy of the Conqueror; even the wounds which slew him were perfectly recognized at the inquest. (The whole frame is there, its fleshly covering turned leather upon the compact bones.) I had the privilege—thanks to Bandelier's endless diplomatic wedges—of making the first and only photographs of Pizarro and his tomb—an anachronism not to be unfelt even in the cold sweat of the moment of success.

Next the cathedral in age is the conventual church of La Merced, founded prior to 1540. Its façade—dating from the restoration after the earthquake of 1746—is the most remarkable in Lima, if not in America; an almost incredible moulding in adobe, Chinese in grotesqueness, but without the art which never fails China at her most grotesque. Its neighbor, the church of San Agostin, has a front of the same category, but less extreme. Its sculptured saints are adobe, their mitres of kerosene cans cut and painted after the trade of the tin artist so dear in the humbler households of all Spanish America. Except during repairs one would not suspect the sham.

Hugest and most splendid of the churches of Lima is that of San Francisco. With its convent it covers some sixteen and a half acres, and cost $15,000,000. Its façade is freshest, its architecture mestizo as the rest, its dignity lamed by the painters. The church architecture of Lima, like most things in Peru, is Peruvian, and without synonymes. Its base has something of the Renaissance, something of the Byzantine, occasionally of other styles; but whatever the premise, the conclusion is Peruvian. It is not for this reason to be despised; its aberrations are less from rude taste than from rude material and ruder necessity. Whatsoever architecture comes here must bow to two masters—the adobe and the earthquake. To the necessary purchase of solidity at the expense of grace is largely due the characteristic type of Peruvian temples.

A most interesting church is Santo Domingo, founded in 1540 by the *Provincial* San Martin, who later founded the university. By 1600 it contained 200 *religiosos*. The earthquake of 1687 toppled the upper course of its 187-foot tower, killing many persons. Its tower is still the tallest and finest in Lima—over 150 feet high, and full of big bells. The carved wood ceiling of the main antechamber, the carved doors of the viceroy's chapel, would not be ashamed anywhere. Each of its three courts is 200 feet square; the last modern and painted to death, the others nobly squared with two-storied ancient *portales*. One has its lower corridors walled with allegorical tiles bearing their encaustic dates, 1604, 1606, 1607; the upper is quaint with carved compound arches. In the tiled corridor, too, but with niches seldom

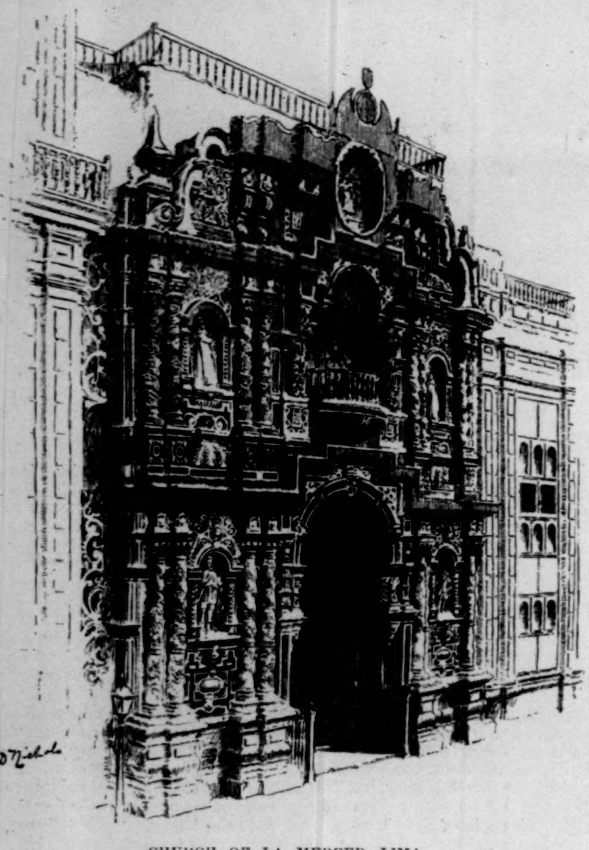


LIMA—THE RIMAC AND OLD SPANISH BRIDGE.

unbarred, are remarkable life-sized painted wood-carvings of the Annunciation and the Adoration of the Magi—striking specimens of art in America before the landing of the Pilgrims. The whole building—never before pictured—covers about five acres (measured).

Besides its fine architecture, its antiques of art, its subterranean passages and cells, Santo Domingo has a peculiar interest. It is the real home of the first saint in the New World—the Holy Rose of Lima. The poetic legend is marred only by regret that she was the first and last Limeña to be sainted; and in justice it must be added the only woman in all the Americas who ever became a full-fledged *santa*. A chapel in this temple is dedicated to her—the spot which witnessed her marriage with the Saviour. Here also rest her bones, and many posthumous miracles have been wrought by her. The city has many shrines and other mementos of her; and her feast (August 30th) is Lima's most splendid pageant—splendid still, though its vitality of faith is gone with the rest of Peruvian romance, less from new light than from inertia.

Lima has 122 municipal schools, in ten districts, and special *colegios* by dozens. Primary education is compulsory. In 1891 there were 11,315 children in the primary schools, and 32,995 persons in the city who could neither read nor write. The university of San Marcos, founded by royal decree of 1551, is one of the three Spanish universities in America that were nearly eighty years old when Harvard was born—the other two being in Mexico and Santo Domingo. There are a medical school, national school of engineers, national library, national museum. The six hospitals are excellent; so are the respective asylums for insane, paupers, incurables, orphan boys, orphan girls, maternity, foundling babes, and the like. The present systematic attention to the humanities is no less notable than the antiquity of the system. Scant justice has been done a phase which was common to all Spanish colonies, and in whose light we stand at no advantage. In 1549 the hospital of Santa Ana, *for Indians*, was founded here by Archbishop Loayza, who endowed it. The hospital of San Andres, for aged and infirm Spaniards, was established in 1552; that of San Bartolome, *for negroes*, in 1661. The hospitals and other charities are managed by the Sociedad de Beneficencia, which in 1892 cared for 21,419 cases in its various institutions in Lima. This ancient and wealthy corporation reaches throughout Peru. Amid a vast quantity of other realty in Lima it owns the Plaza de Acho, but lets the control of the bull-fights. It owns the lotteries, by two drawings of which the city is stirred weekly. The *suerte* is recognized as a safe and moral institution, and the *suertero* infests every corner with his, "*Luego sale! Mil quinientos para mañana!*" The profession includes many decayed gentlemen, and seven or eight women, among its 200 regulars, besides about as many more occasionals. Small boys after school vend *boletas* with all the gravity of their elders.



CHURCH OF LA MERCED, LIMA.

The most devout in Lima can scarce be more grateful to the city's patron saints for spiritual than for material favor. Founded on the Day of the Kings (the three "Wise Men of the East"), Pizarro named it "City of the Kings," and though his christening is outgrown, the *Reyes* are remembered in feast and fable. The adopted name Lima is from the cacique Liman; the derivation from rimay, "he who speaks," long copied and little tested, does not bear analysis. The folk-myth runs that after enjoying in Lima the incense burned for them January 6th, the grateful departing Kings carry off with them the fleas of the city. It is so noble a charity that one hardly has face to wish there might be a fourth King to make the job complete. After that date the plague really dwindles; but in the inverted winter—*ay de mi!* Luckily, etiquette has risen to the need, and it is here no solecism to take arms against the invader. In hotel and store, home and church, town and wilderness, hostilities are hardly disguised. The lover upon his first knees may punctuate his avowal; the worshipper interscratch his plea; even the last grief cannot wholly ignore the tiny inquisitor. If climate and topography, with time, so differentiate the faces of us, how much in the evolution of type may not the scientist of latter detail some time credit to a millennium of flea-bites!

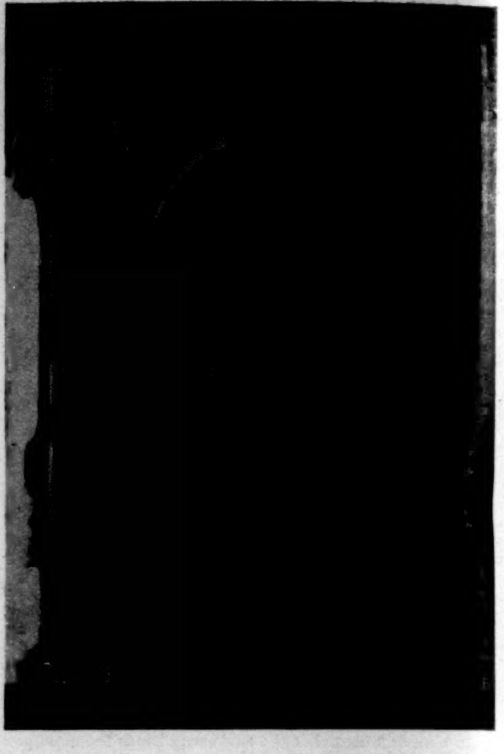
Probably the best architectural monument of Lima is the old stone bridge across the Rimac between the modern iron ones. It is a trifle under 250 feet long and upheld by six arches—one now usurped by the railway. This remarkable work has stood, without a crack, the floods and earthquakes of 250 years—and such earthquakes as spared little else. Its Roman dignity is no longer belittled by the insincere modern arch over the city end, happily destroyed a dozen years ago. The bridge was begun in 1638 and finished in 1640. The bays and re-entrants of its granite parapets are a godsend to the poor. Here the *chola* with her fruits, the gray lock-tinker and his impossible keys, the saint-peddler with his raw chromos, and other penny-earners outwear the summer day; and of an evening they from the adobe tenements of San Lazaro love to sit decently here, getting what is perhaps the best of their slow lives between the soft night and their broken chat and the rush of the heady river.

The Rimac, if little more than a brook in body, may be said to have the heart and passions of a river. A fall of over 16,000 feet in a hundred miles is certainly not to be looked for outside of the Pacific slope of South America. The "arrowy Rhone" is a creeper beside this bullet of a stream, which flings itself in one somersault of foam from the eternal snows of Mount Sunday to the tropic sea. In Peruvian winter it shrinks to a brook, but in summer swoops down from the Cordillera vociferous and resistless. It is astonishingly mercurial—a phenomenon of its gradient. To-day one pauses on the bridge to watch the *cameroneros* prying under the stones of a swishing brook. To-morrow there are no shrimp-hunters about the torrent which roars full of its paved and walled channel. But next day they will come back, maybe, and with them the Arcadian throng of bathers. In no city do the poor immerse themselves more liberally or more naïvely. For two miles along either bank humble cottons sun on bush and bowlder, while their rightful inmates disport in the cool flood.

The abrupt pyramid of San Cristóbal, 750 feet above the city, and so close as to toe into its ranks, is the dominant note of the landscape. In the Chilian war, corkscrew grades were cut to its crest, and heavy artillery was dragged up to useless fortifications. The solitary rampart and bursted cannon make picturesque and fit foreground to the beautiful panorama of Lima which the peak affords.

Descending San Cristóbal and rounding its first outlier to the right, one comes to the prettiest of Lima. Here the range of Amancaes sets its callous feet plump down upon the valley. On one side the little acequia which clings to the precipitous hill-side is absolute sterility; on the other a tropic mat of green. Through the umbrage of orange and plantain and the whorled araucaria peer the Moresque whitenesses of the convents of Patrocinio and Santa Liberata; and in a deeper bower the gray gridiron of the church and convent of the Barefoot Friars. Piercing this greenery from cityward is the most elaborate promenade of Lima, the Alameda de los Descalzos. This fine avenue of wide drives, of flowers and shades and statuary, divides the two churches of the Barefoot Nuns, who are never seen; and ends with that of the Barefoot Friars, who are plentifully visible in the mitigated *descalzo* of a high-cut sandal. This quarter of San Lazaro (the north side of the river) was plainly laid out for the resort of the favored, and with little thought that it would ever fall to the rabble. Malambo is the one wide street of Lima (except the suburban avenues which have taken the place of the ancient circumvallation), and might be imposing. But it has fallen to last rank; largely surrendered to the dull, flat, one-storied adobe labyrinths of the poor, tapped by little *callejones*—a mud honeycomb on a gigantic scale. The Alameda de Acho, a broad avenue aisled with lofty willows, and running several squares on the river-bank, is naturally the most pleasing *paseo* in Lima, but now left to neglect and nuisance. (The Viceroyal Baths of 1773 are now horse car stable and brewery). San Lazaro, in fine, is swallowed by the humble, and the rich see it no more, save when on a favored Sunday their carriages roar to the bull-fight.

LIMA—CALLE DE LOS BODEGONES—A TYPICAL STREET.



PAINTED WOOD-CARVING, LIFE SIZE, DATING FROM 1600.
CONVENT OF SANTO DOMINGO.

For all this the quarter is nothing vicious. Even the lowest classes of Lima are inoffensive to the last degree. Specific crime is remarkably rare, and probably no other city of near 100,000 can show so clean a record. Certainly none of ours even approximate it. Of politer "sins" the reverse is true; here the official is suspected who does *not* get rich. Weak thievery, embryo burglary, and rare street encounters (confined to dealing gestures and *lindezas*) comprise the average. Highway robbery, assaults, and other violences are very unusual; murder almost unknown; visible drunkenness wonderfully little. After sunset the streets are practically deserted, and there is no disturbance except by the guardians of a peace, which is perfect but for them. These well-intentioned *cholos*, being armed with matchlessly shrill whistles, break out about midnight in gimlet obligatos kept up for hours. The citizen is kept awake to reflect how very well guarded he is, and the possible *ratero* directed to quarters safer for his jimmy and his ears. Peru is policed by her standing army—2749 privates, 1500 officers in service and 951 on the retired list, besides 75 in the medical and commissary staffs. There are six regiments of infantry, all cholos, and with a bewildering proportion of ungrown boys, two regiments of zambo cavalry, and one regiment of artillery. The officers are all creoles. The half-Indian infantrymen make a quiet, harmless police; the negro cavalrymen, distributed in the rural districts, are more menace than safeguard to peace. If the ladies of the army were counted the Peruvian roster would be more imposing. It is a poor cholo who does not maintain a *rabona*—his rear-guard and commissary of subsistence and transportation. The navy of Peru is the 1790-ton cruiser *Lima* and the 333-ton transport *Santa Rosa*, both with such modern equipments as they have room for.

To give truth and balance to a picture of the most popular *funcion* of Lima, the bull-fight, would need a frame by itself. It has been too often superficially judged. It is not a more humane sport than our college football; and, like every diversion which takes deep hold on any people, has its bad sides. In partial recompense it requires quite as much mental alertness, higher physical dexterity, and more courage than any of our national favorites. And fair-mindedness may recollect that the blood for centuries fed on this "brutalizing influence" has not yet bred prize-fighters, bullies, or wife-beaters.

For a Spanish-American city, Lima has had unusually tranquil history, its worst days befalling since the Independence. Its nearest taste of war was in being stormed by the insurgent Gamarra, August 21, 1838, and in the Chilian occupation. In viceroyal days it had more frights than hurts, Callao warding from it the English and Dutch pirates and the blows of the revolution. The Chilian intrusion, though unresisted, was much the worst serious human visitation the city has known, and its brutal scars are visible enough.

Of the graver haunting, the only outward tokens are certain architectural peculiarities in which the initiated eye recognizes certain fears. Tremors which would terrify northern lands are hardly counted. My first taste of a Peruvian *temblor* was the being shaken out of bed. The violent rocking continued long enough to sober me from sleep and see me to the balcony; but the quake was hardly mentioned next day. Serious shakings up have been innumerable, and great catastrophes none too few. The greatest in Limenian history were those of 1586; 1606, October 25th;

1630, with great loss of life; 1687, almost destroying the palace; 1713; 1746, the most terrible of all, obliterating Callao, and leaving in Lima 21 houses out of 3000, with awful fatalities; 1806; April, 1860; August, 1868. The last was enormously destructive elsewhere in Peru, but dealt more gently with Lima. Unexplained by science, it is still true that the violence of earthquakes in Peru seems to be diminishing—perhaps out of courtesy to the social upheaval which is deemed sooner or later inevitable.

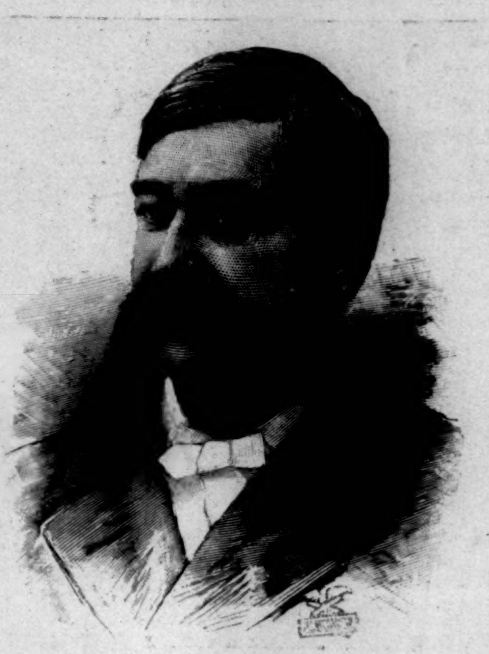
It does not surprise the informed to read in late despatches that the writ of habeas corpus has been suspended in Peru, and that the President is "practically charged with dictatorial power." The hand of the dictator was as clearly visible a year before he took his seat as now—Andrés Avelino Cáceres never aspired to anything so modest as the bald presidency. A recent letter from one of the most capable diplomats in Peru says:

"The condition of affairs here gives color to distorted and exaggerated pictures outside of Peru. While the country is in a precarious condition, it is not in revolution, and has not been, notwithstanding all that may have been published abroad. The present government established itself at the death of poor President Morales y Bermudez, and holds its own unquestionably. From the south, partly from Chilian and partly from Peruvian territory, attempts are made to undermine it, but the lack of means among those who would like to sit in the National Palace renders their intrigues so far powerless. The interior is far from quiet, but the agitation there bears the character rather of banditism than of political uprising. While we were at Truxillo, Payta was surprised and captured by a gang of armed partisans, who drove away the authorities, killing some of the *four* soldiers that constituted the 'garrison' of that important post. A week later the government troops reöccupied the post, and scattered the *montoneros* to the four winds. I am glad nothing has called me to the interior. The 'Patriots' there have adopted the system of holding to ransom, and I am too familiar with that system to wish personal experience of it. Lima is quiet, though everything conspired to unsettle it for a time. The fundamental good-nature and carelessness of Peruvian character prevail even over personal spites and the greed for spoils. Above Lima, brigandage has broken out again, and there have been several murders in the last few days. . . . Several prominent Frenchmen have been arrested in Lima for conspiracy in favor of Pierola."

While this picture is still accurate, those who know Peru will be greatly surprised if the present endemic humors shall not before long break into a malignant epidemic. Every social and political condition is ripe for it, and the only antipyrine is the pecuniary disability of Peru. That, however, may be set aside by some of the many interested.

Peru enjoys the anomalous distinction of having for President the most universally hated individual within its confines. Even his followers would not deny that statement. More than a year ago, when the candidacy of Cáceres grew imminent, it stirred the nation to a bitterness wholly inconceivable in Northern republics. Perhaps never in another country was even a foredoomed candidate so pilloried to popular execration—certainly not the successful one. Throughout the mass of the common people—Indians and cholos—the vindictiveness was universal. Cáceres had been President before, and they knew him. Among the educated classes the hatred was no less violent, and scarcely less general. With scarcely an exception—and the few exceptions for potent reasons—the Peruvian press attacked the ex-President with a force hardly to be attributed to mere politics. He was openly and constantly and undisputedly charged with treason, with robbing the country, with not merely political "removals," but personal murder. He was cursed with all the wit and venom of New Castile in print and cartoon One paper portrayed him dangling from the gallows. There was not a street in Lima—nor in any other large town of Peru—whose blank walls were not chalked with curses and lampoons of the "Tuerto" (his left eye is strabismic), "Tyrant," "Robber," and the like. "Down Cáceres!" "Die, Cáceres!" were ocular watchwords everywhere. His half-breed wife, "Doña Antuca," had earned equal unpopularity during their incumbency of the palace, and came in for her share of anathema. She is currently known as "*La Melon Podrida*"—the Rotten Melon. Last year, when she celebrated her saint's day in Lima, she was hooted, and pelted with unpleasant vegetables in the market-place, and bouquets were circulated throughout the city having for centre the picture of a *melon podrida*. The papers, as a rule, kept silence as to her, merely for her sex, even when most virulent toward her husband. The outspokenness concerning him was doubly remarkable in the face of an astounding coercion of the press and the personal perils of the editors. The liberty of the press was not only abbreviated by law, but there were frequent murderous official assaults upon the editors.

But Cáceres is a man of great energy—his only great quality—and has compassed his ends because he is the only thoroughly energetic man in Peruvian politics. His only formidable rival, Pierola—against whom, I believe, there is no graver charge than a selfish desire for the Presidency—would have been President with a tithe the push of Cáceres. He is the idol of the masses, respected by and with few genuine enemies among the classes—almost as much beloved throughout Peru, in fact, as Cáceres is hated. But instead of daring in the country to work for what he wishes, he has been hovering about outside, now in Panama, now in Guayaquil, now in Chile, fanning his movement at long range, and leaving his followers to bear the brunt. He does not tire; and if he shall presently pluck up courage to enter Peru, and retains half of the leadership which once deified him, Peru will undoubtedly see the most thorough overturning she has known since the Independencia. Cáceres is probably the better soldier, and has the army by its officers; but the loyalty of the rank and file to him would be highly dubious. Friends he may be said to have none; his following is held by the cohesion of spoils. He has the machine—a very rickety and uncertain one; Pierola and general discontent possess the people. From the higher classes the President would have nothing to apprehend that could seriously test his strength; for in spite of their mental attitude, their habits have decayed with the tropics. But from the great, ignorant, sullen, slow-moving, half-Indian mass there is no such security. They may not well define or understand freedom, but they love it as they see it; and as for personal fear, it is not in their accounts. If the dons are quick to flash up and as quick to burn out, these are not so. They kindle like green wood; but once fired, there is no quenching them; and the banditti in the mountains are not a hopeful sign. If Peru escapes dismemberment within a few years, it will be no thanks to her internal tendencies, nor to the machinations of English capital, Chilian aggression, and the sub-jealousies of Bolivia and Ecuador.



THOMAS G. LAWLER.

THE NEW COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.

Thomas G. Lawler, the newly elected commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, is a citizen of Rockford County, Illinois. He was born in England in April of 1844. As a small child he came to Illinois, and was educated in the public schools of Rockford. At the breaking out of the war, when only seventeen years of age, he enlisted as a private in Company E of the Nineteenth Volunteer Infantry; he served in all the campaigns and battles in which his company and regiment were engaged for three years and three months; he rose from the position of private to that of sergeant, and was then elected First Lieutenant, but was not mustered. But for two months he commanded his company during the Atlanta campaign, and was placed upon the Roll of Honor by Major-General Rosecrans, commanding the Army of the Cumberland.

In 1876 Mr. Lawler organized the Rockford Rifles, and under his leadership this company became one of the most efficient of the military organizations in the West; for seven years he held the position of Colonel in the Third Regiment Illinois National Guards. He has been the postmaster at Rockford under three administrations, and at present he is engaged in the lumber and coal business in that city. For a long time Colonel Lawler has been active in G. A. R. affairs, and was one of the first members of the G. L. Nevius Post No. 1, Department of Illinois. He has been its commander for twenty-six consecutive years, and was elected by a unanimous vote to the position of department commander for the year 1882, his post refusing to accept his resignation as its commander during the year of his service in the department. Since its inception he has been one of the main supports of the organization, and during the time of his service has been the man who rose to the occasion and saved the department from disbandment. He is an example of the real American who has had the misfortune to be born under the flag of another nation, but who has been always ready to place himself and his services at the disposal of his country.

·THIS·BUSY· ·WORLD·

A recent paragraph in this department of the **Weekly** called attention to the protest of Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted against the destruction of the Palisades. The Palisades are made of excellent granite, the value of which for building and road material has impressed a firm of contractors, who are harvesting it with an energy worthy of Americans. Since Mr. Olmsted spoke, these destructive citizens have been using dynamite in unprecedented quantities—3000 pounds to a charge—with immense results, and unless something can be done to head them off it will only be a very short time before one of the most beautiful features of the Hudson will have been undermined and the way paved for its complete destruction. The Palisades are private property, and the contractors have the law's protection in their work, however if the desire to stop it is urgent enough, a way will be found to do it. The whole tract of land which borders the Palisades should either be added, as Mr. Olmsted has suggested, to the park system of the city of New York, or else bought and held by the State of New Jersey; but to do either will take time, and judging from the infernal energy of the contractors, there is no time to spare. If the Palisades are to be saved, they must be saved quickly.

The London *Times* thinks that Mr. Howells's *Traveller from Altruria* "ought to earn success among those educated Americans who enjoy nothing so much as satire at the expense of their institutions." It is a new thing to learn from a London newspaper that any kind of American enjoys any comment upon his institutions that is not lavishly eulogistic. Mr. Kipling, for one, has tried hard to convince us that the only sort of talk about ourselves that we hear with the least equanimity is the sort which the inelegant know as "guff." However that may be, though, we may tolerate Mr. Howells, since he finds us wanting, not by comparisons with Europeans, but with Altrurians. What he satirizes is not so much American institutions as nineteenth-century civilization in Christendom.

There is a new profession, the growth of which not every one has realized. To be a sociologist one must know something of law, divinity, and medicine, and a good deal besides, so much indeed that a professional school of sociology has been started in Hartford to teach it. The new school, established under the care of the Society for Education Extension, aims to give its students such an equipment as shall qualify them to go to work intelligently to do their share of the great work of putting the world to rights and improving the condition of the people who live in it. Its president is Dr. Chester D. Hartranft; it has a distinguished corps of lecturers, most of whom are college professors. It is open to men and women alike, and while its regular students must be college graduates, its courses may be taken by others who pay the fees. Its curriculum covers three years, and includes practical work in the various "missionary, benevolent, and reformatory institutions in which Hartford abounds." This school is the first professional school of its kind, and marks an interesting departure in education. The idea that folks who feel a call to devote themselves to the improvement of their fellows should first learn how, is a good one, and to provide competent instruction for such persons seems a worthy and promising scheme.

That is an interesting passage at the end of the September instalment of Mr. Warner's story in **Harper's Magazine**, where disaster overtakes Jack's yacht, and the two women aboard promptly and instinctively single out the two men whom they consider most likely to get them ashore. There were two women and four men. One woman flew to Jack, the wayward and faulty husband of the mistress of the Golden House. The other, the author says, clung not to the gallant Major, nor to the imperturbable Mavick, but to Van Dam, recognizing in him the same quality that the other saw in Jack—a quality possessed by certain men, "who may have no great gifts, but who will always fight rather than run under fire, and who will always protect a woman." There are such men, as Mr. Warner says, and happily they are at least as common as the other and more prudent sort. The quality designated, and which is about as good an ordinary quality as a man can have, is inborn, and belongs rather to the blood than to the brain. Comparatively timid men may have it in full force, and flash it out to meet a crisis without the least preliminary sign of its possession. It is a sort of perverted instinct of self-preservation, and much-blessed in its perversion.

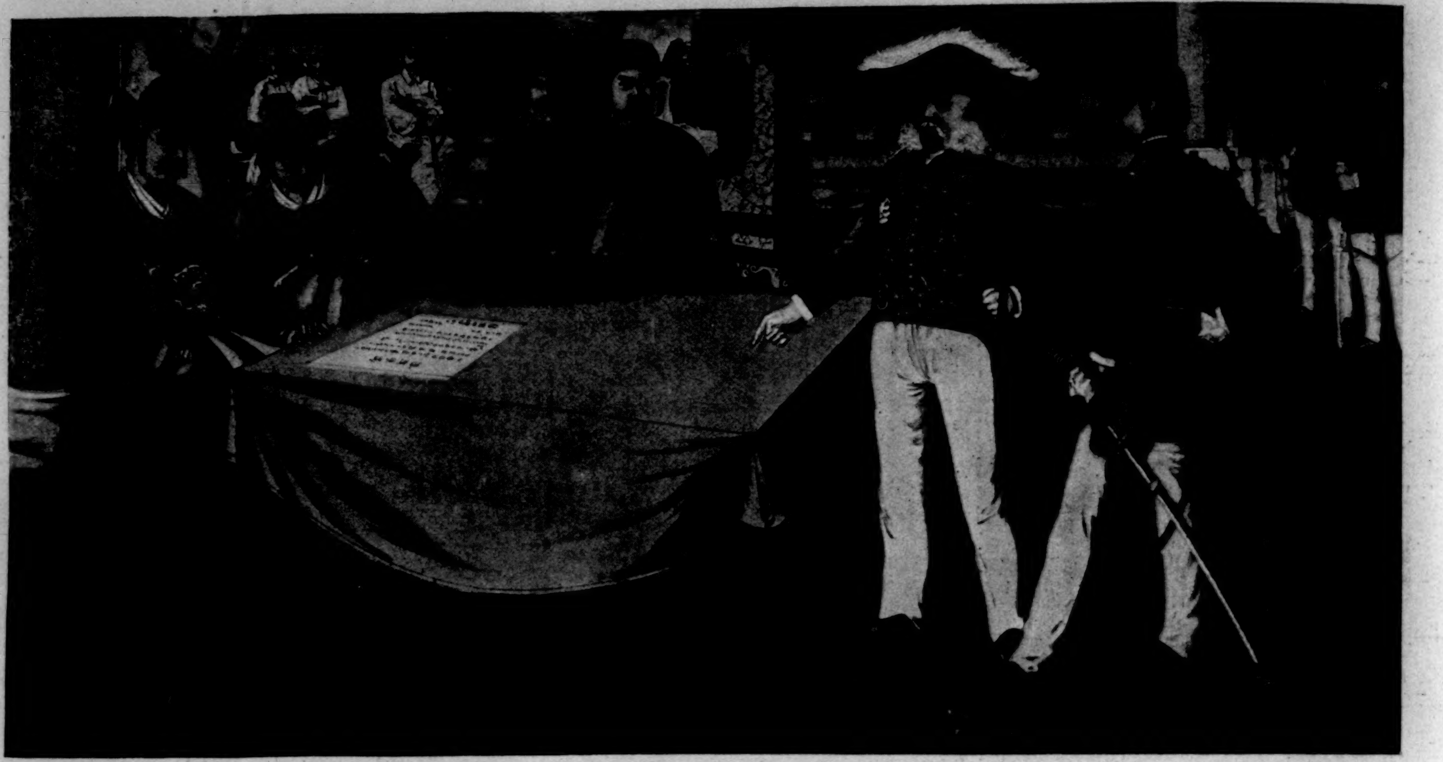
It is rather odd that the suggestion of the late Frank Bolles for the division of the academic part of Harvard University into four colleges should have excited so much attention and so much comment. If Harvard had been started on the Oxford plan it might have possibly been a good thing, though it is only within the last quarter-century that the number of the undergraduates has grown so great as to cause any embarrassment under the existing system. But, as President Eliot has said, the practical obstacles to the division of Harvard to-day are so serious as to make such an experiment as Mr. Bolles had in mind very improbable. There is already a natural division by classes, and no other is likely to be attempted. Twenty years ago the experiment was made of dividing the college, according to territory, into clubs for boating purposes; but even that did not last. If future benefactors of the university should leave money for the establishment of new colleges under the university control, instead of turning their bequests into the general Harvard treasury, it is possible that Mr. Bolles's hopes might be partially realized in that way. There are such separate colleges under the university supervision now, as the Episcopal School, the Swedenborgian School (which few people have ever heard of), and Radcliffe College. But no testator hitherto has favored that sort of separate endowment except for some special purpose, as the education of women, or the promotion of some special branch of theological instruction. Whatever attention Mr. Bolles's proposal may gain, it is not by any means conceded that there is anything very much amiss with Harvard as she is. That she is not perfect is highly probable, and that her student population has got a little the start of the machinery for overseeing it is possible. But she is enormously prosperous as she is, and there is a great distance between the suggestion that she might possibly be better off if she were more like Oxford and the acceptance of the conclusion that she would be so.

Mr. Bolles's place as university editor of the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* is to be taken by Professor Albert Bushnell Hart, who was out in print the other day with an exceedingly thorough and generous retraction of a letter that he wrote from Paris condemning the reputed socialistic teachings and propensities of Professor Richard T. Ely. Learning that his strictures had been based on misinformation, and had inadvertently got into print, he set himself right by writing another letter, and giving it all the publicity of the first one. Professor Ely enjoys nowadays the rather enviable distinction of having been roundly slandered, and so thoroughly vindicated as to leave him in a better position than he had in the first place.

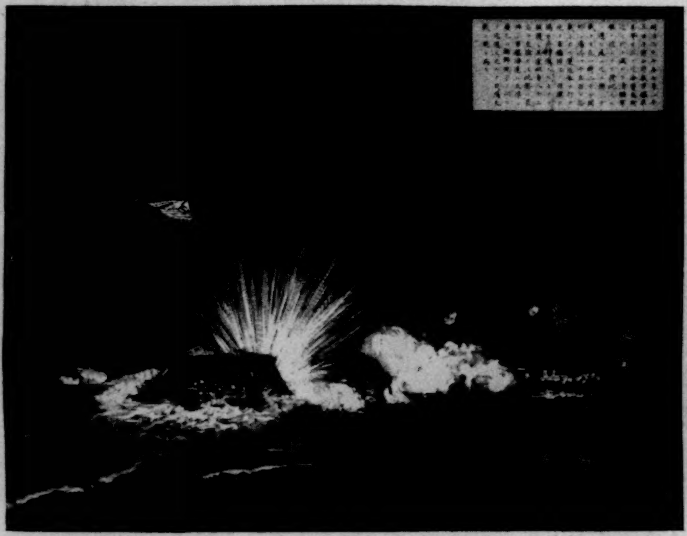
Judging from the experiences of persons who have staid at home this summer, and especially of those who have staid in town, the season just past ought to have been an ideal one for arctic exploration. It has not proved so. None of the expeditions that started north has had any success. Wellman was promptly routed by the misadventures he met with; even the moderate northing that Dr. Cook's party attempted on the *Miranda* was denied them. And now the *Falcon* brings the story of Lieutenant Peary's complete discomfiture, and the upsetting of his plans for the season as long ago as last March by a fierce storm that crippled half his party, and a disease that demoralized his dogs. The lieutenant, with two companions, has remained in North Greenland to finish his work; the rest of the party the *Falcon* brings back, including Mrs. and Miss Peary, and all in health and such spirits as arctic explorers may enjoy. Lieutenant Peary has indomitable perseverance, and seems to thrive on arctic weather. No one who is trying to reach the upper end of the earth seems more likely to attain it than he. It seems a curiously attractive quest, that holds its devotees as long as strength remains to them to prosecute it, and is ever luring new victims into its line as fast as old ones drop out. A sportsman who was assured of the merits of golf said, rather incredulously, "Well, it beats you, and, after all, that's all any game does!" That must be the charm of polar exploration. It certainly beats you, and as long as it does there will continue to be men to attempt it.

Profound sympathy must be felt for Li Hung Chang in his continuing experience of distressing deprivations of habitual garments. First he lost his cherished yellow jacket; next, his peacock feathers. What has been taken from him since the recent Japanese victory does not appear, but it would seem that a continuance of the Emperor's displeasure must soon leave him literally naked to his enemies.

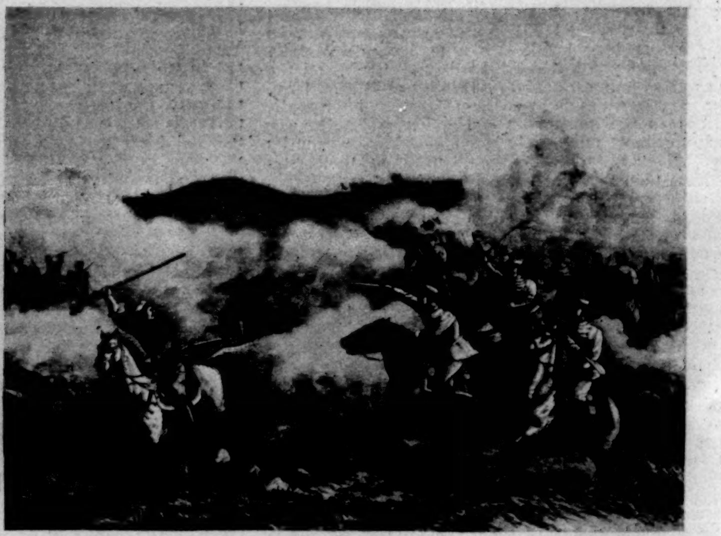
E. S. Martin.



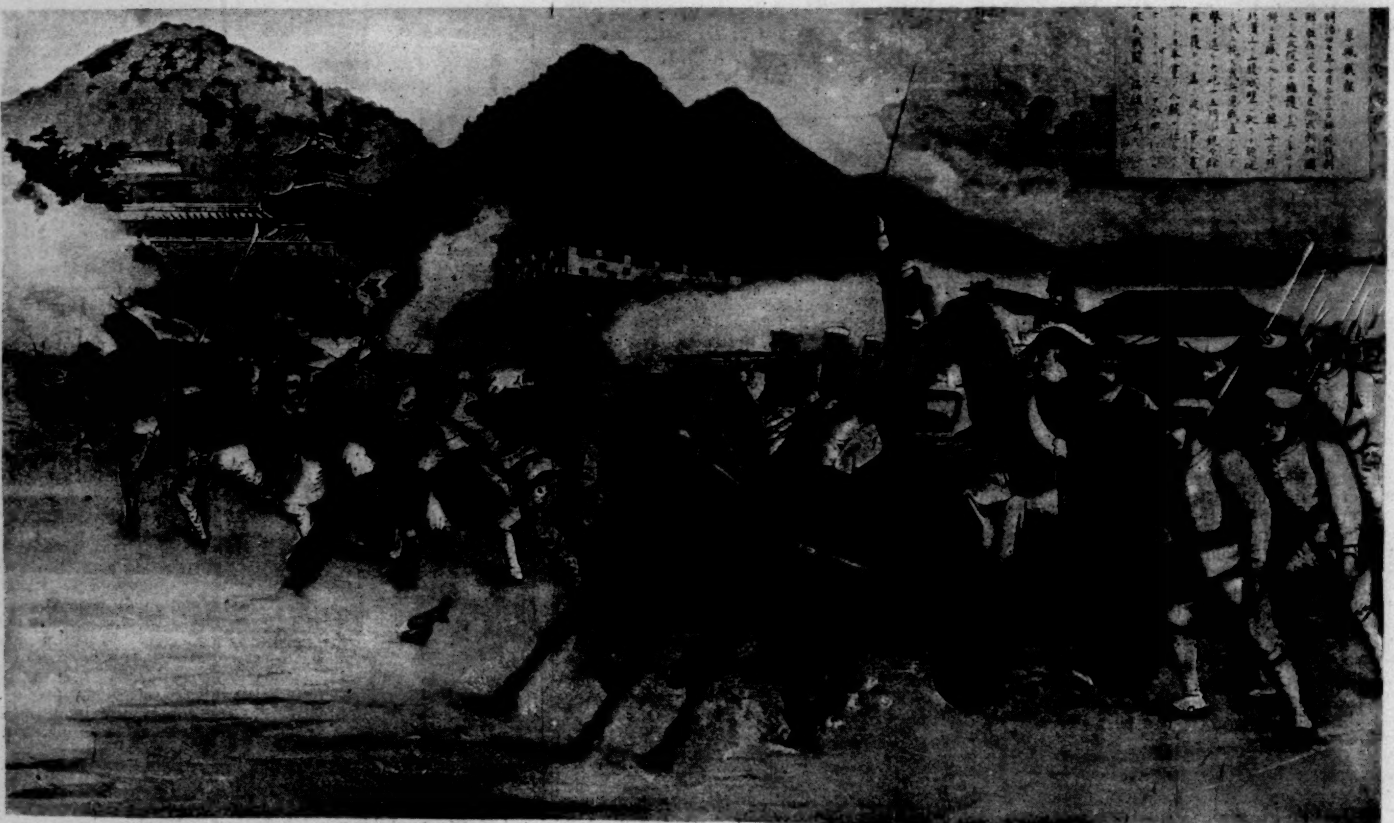
OTORI, THE JAPANESE MINISTER, INTERVIEWING THE KOREAN OFFICIALS AT THE PALACE.



NAVAL ENGAGEMENT JULY 25th, AND SINKING OF THE CHINESE SHIP "KOWSING" WITH 1200 SOLDIERS ON BOARD.

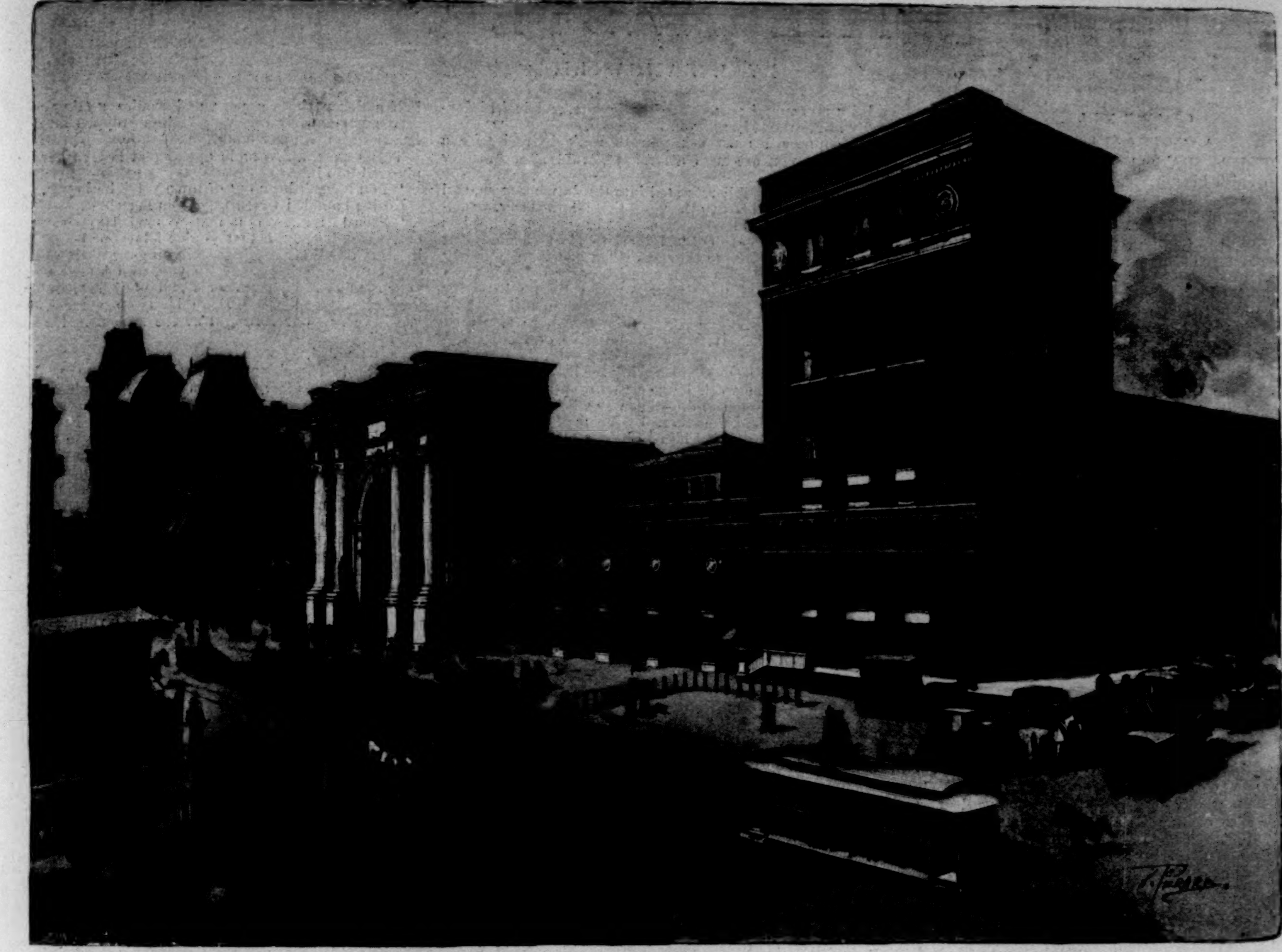


THE BATTLE OF JULY 29th—A VICTORY FOR THE JAPANESE AFTER FIVE HOURS' FIGHTING.



OTORI AND THE FATHER OF THE KING OF KOREA ASSAULTED BY KOREANS AT THE GATE OF THE CASTLE AT SEOUL, JULY 23d.

THE WAR IN THE EAST—FAC-SIMILE REPRODUCTIONS OF JAPANESE WAR CARTOONS.—[See Page 929.]



THE NEW UNION STATION AT BOSTON.—DRAWN BY VICTOR PERARD.

JAPANESE WAR NOTES.

THE illustrations of the Chino-Japanese war on page 928 of this number are reproduced not for their artistic value, but for their contemporary interest as popular Japanese representations of war subjects. They were originally published in Japan, and are notable more for a patriotic desire to glorify Japan than for historical accuracy. For instance: In the picture of Otori, the Japanese minister, laying down the law to the three strange beings about the draped table, the one at the end with clasped hands is intended for the Chinese minister. As a matter of fact, no representative of the Chinese government attended this meeting at the palace of the Korean King. The contrast between the modern uniform of the Japanese and the costumes of the others was evidently drawn to be marked. Again, in the illustration of the attack on Otori and the father of the King of Korea—mark you the calm dignity of the former—it is doubtful if the victoria was present at all, or, if it had been, whether it could be driven very far through the narrow streets that surround the castle at Seoul.

The sinking of the *Kowsing* on the 25th of July is full of action, if not of veracious detail. The vessel flies the Chinese flag. The English flag, which nearly gave rise to international complications, is conspicuously absent.

GERMANTOWN CRICKET CLUB AT MANHEIM.

CRICKET CLUBS OF PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA has been variously celebrated for the excellence of its ice-cream, its scrapple, and its butter. It is also widely known as the Quaker City, the City of Brotherly Love, and the City of Homes; but in none of these has the dear slow old town achieved a more enviable distinction than in the number and beauty of its cricket-fields. Within a radius of ten miles from the city are to be found four cricket-grounds the like of which for accessibility, beauty of turf, picturesqueness of surroundings, and sumptuousness of appointments is not to be found elsewhere in the world.

Little did the sixteen young gentlemen who in quasi school-boy frolic founded it imagine the Merion Cricket Club was destined to grow to its present celebrity. The enthusiastic little band began its existence on a small field at Wynnewood, a Philadelphia suburb, with an entire stock in trade that was readily accommodated by a small box kept in the entry of the local school-house, and the school-house pump provided the sole means of ablution for the youthful aspirants.

In the Merion ground of to-day is ample realization of the most fanciful dreams of enthusiasts; it is the *ne plus ultra* of a perfect cricket-field.

The old-time organization was a cricket club pure and simple; the modern one is broad enough to take in not only the head of the family, but his wife, sons, and daughters. It is essentially a country club, with its well-kept lawn of living green, its bowling-alleys, dining-halls, ball, reading, billiard, and smoking rooms, affording every provision for recreation and entertainment during the summer days and winter nights.

The refining presence of woman has contributed in no small measure to this evolution.

The Staten Island C. C. was the first to admit ladies to auxiliary membership, but the experiment was voted a success, and from being regarded as a curiosity she soon became a familiar and welcomed figure, until finally we fell to wondering how we had contrived to do without her so long.

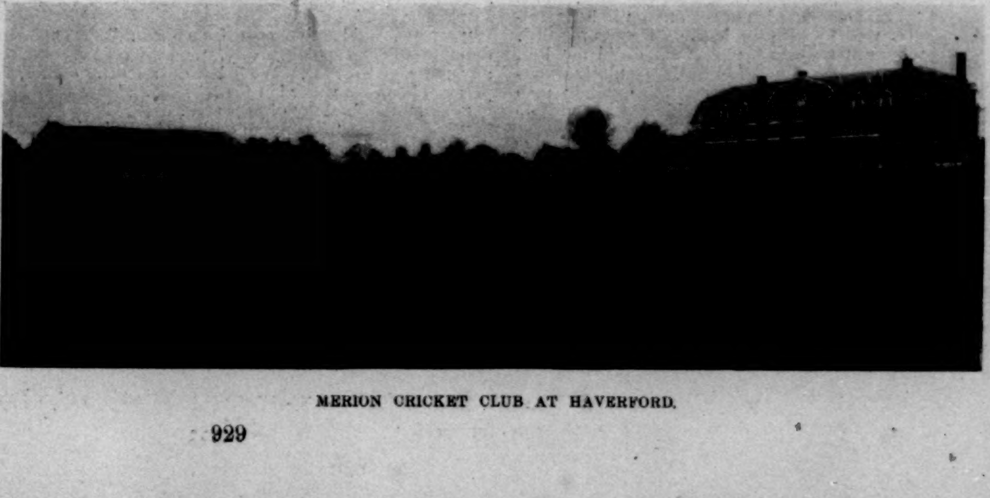
At first many cricketers viewed woman's admission as a trespass upon their especial preserves, particularly once lawn-tennis had been firmly established, but the increasing membership, due to the added attractiveness of the club-house, with its receptions and lawn parties, shortly silenced the grumblers.

Philadelphia has five first-class clubs, with memberships ranging from five to thirteen hundred. To the Philadelphia C.C. belong pioneer honors. Born in 1852, it has led a somewhat unsettled life, being compelled to vacate the ground it occupied for many years at Camden, and pitching its tent where best it might, until amalgamation with the Chestnut Hill Club in 1882 brought a lease of the splendid property it now occupies at Wissahickon. Under the presidency of Mr. Edward S. Buckley, Jun., it lives again, and is fortunate in possessing two such promising players as Mr. Lynford Biddle and Mr. Goodman.

The Germantown C.C., though a little younger than its Wissahickon neighbor, has the distinction of being the first American club to be represented by a native eleven. Mainly through its efforts the game was naturalized on American soil, its old ground at Nicetown being for many years the cricket Mecca. 'Twas there the Irish gentlemen sustained their first defeat, the erstwhile invincible Australians met their match, Parson Thornton, of blessed memory, was on that field glad to cry quits with the Quaker players, and there the Newhalls played in their palmy days, leading many a forlorn hope to ultimate victory.

It is the largest and most influential cricket club in the country, and, strange enough, its organization was hailed by a certain class as the downfall of Philadelphia cricket;

(*Continued on page* 935.)



MERION CRICKET CLUB AT HAVERFORD.

THE MASTER.*

BY I. ZANGWILL.

CHAPTER XXII.

A CELEBRITY AT HOME.

HERBERT STRANG had gone down to Devonshire to finish his portrait of Mrs. Wyndwood, whose dress was still unrecognizable, and who was so agreeably surprised by the face that she graciously consented to continue the sittings at the "Creamery." Matt had arranged to join him—on the excellent pretext of keeping his old friend company—but before he left town for his holiday conscience began working hard, ominously presageful of the complications that might spring up in the solitudes of hills and waters. The inner voice whispered strenuously to him to profit by Eleanor's absence to fight down his impossible passion, not intensify it unendurably by following in her train. Thoughts of his wife began to haunt him—thoughts which, while he was only an absentee husband, had been but pale shadows of remorse, dogging his few unoccupied moments, but which, now that another woman had at last enthroned herself in the vacant temple of his soul, assumed shapes more solid and insistent. Home plucked at his heart, subtly transformed to something more than an unpleasant recollection. In a spasm of compunction and foreboding, he resolved to pay a visit to his wife to strengthen himself against temptation. The idea, once conceived, drove him to instant execution. Ere the train had drawn up at Camden Town he had determined to elude temptation altogether by accompanying his own family on its annual jaunt.

The visit began inauspiciously. When he had passed the ivy-clad turreted church, which was the one picturesque object on the road from the station, he was back in the old familiar mesh of gray streets, any one like any other, with rows of shabby semi-genteel stone-fronted houses, exactly alike, broken at corners by baker shops and green-grocers. The August afternoon was depressed and misty, sputtering rain. A few tradesmen's carts rattled forlornly down the drab avenues of apathetic houses. A diminutive barrel-organ wheezed a lively air. Never had his street seemed so hopeless. His ardor grew chill.

He paused before the door of the little studio where he had painted his first success—"Motherhood." The discolored wood—set in the blankness of a long brick wall—was scrawled over with chalk inscriptions and sketches by the urchins of the neighborhood. The house was round the corner, and, after a melancholy moment, he walked listlessly towards the front gate, swung it on its creaking hinges, and mounted the chipped stone steps, washed ashen gray by the drippings of rain.

There was a new face, heavy and smudged, under the ill-adjusted cap of the maid-of-all work who opened the door, and as he entered the narrow hall the sickly smell of boiled cabbage saluted his nostrils, and justified him to himself. But he was grimly embarrassed at having to explain himself to the girl.

"Is your mistress in?" he asked.

"Yes, sir. Will you wait in the drorin'-room, sir? What name, sir?"

He felt mortified and a whit ashamed. The servant's ignorance was an unconscious rebuke that counterbalanced the boiled cabbage.

"Oh, tell her Matthew," he said, flushing. "She'll know."

"Yes, sir." And the girl's cap, stuck on askew for the edification of unexpected company, disappeared down the kitchen stairs.

He would have liked to brush majestically past her, but delicacy prevented so abrupt an intrusion upon his wife in the recesses of domesticity. His coming was already sufficient surprise. A few hours ago he himself had not foreseen that a swamping wave of moral emotion would sweep him homeward. He walked about the room, morbidly fascinated by the flashy vases with the hand-painted shepherds, and wondering what Rosina would say if he made away with them, as decency demanded. To his bitter amusement, he heard her voice from the passage remonstrating with Billy—in a very audible whisper—for the servant's indiscretion in admitting to the drawing-room a stranger who might do havoc among her cherished possessions.

"Goodness knows what he might not pocket," she grumbled uneasily, as she approached the door.

"It's all right, Rosina," he called out, coming into the passage. "It's only me."

"Gracious!" ejaculated Mrs. Matthew Strang, angrily, putting her hand to her heart. "What a turn you gave me! So you're the Mr. Matthews! I really do wish you wouldn't come sneaking in and prying and ferreting and frightening a body out of her wits."

She stood there—no more pleasing than the vases—the features, that had once threatened to be pretty sharpened shrewishly, though the figure had grown plumper except where the breasts had fallen. She did not look her youth. The face was weary; the blue eyes had lost their softness. She had hastily donned a cheap black cashmere dress trimmed with jet. The painter was glad the usual effusion of affection was wanting. Notwithstanding the pitch of reaction to which he had wound himself up, all his being shrank from the desecrating embrace of the woman he did not love. Nevertheless, he was conscious of an undercurrent of astonishment. Longer intervals than this last had parted them, yet she had never failed to exhibit amorous emotion, even though it took the shape of jealous reproach. This afternoon there was a suggestion of resentment in her greeting—for the first time he felt unwelcome. He was puzzled, albeit relieved. But the secret of her mood did not leak out yet; and in the mean time there was Billy sulkily awaiting his famous brother's recognition. The young man looked whiter and thinner than on Matthew's last visit to the house.

"How glad he'll be to come for a holiday with me!" thought the painter, with a pang of joyful repentance. "He oughtn't to live in London at all. We'll go down to some pretty little village, where I can paint if necessary, and we'll stay till the winter." The cripple churlishly took the hand which his brother extended. His palm burnt.

"All right, Billy?" questioned Matthew, cheerfully.

"It doesn't matter how I am," snapped the younger man. "It's months since you've been nigh us."

Rosina turned upon Billy. "Don't you take my part—I can speak for myself. You can't expect to see your brother in the summer, when all the fashionable folks come up to London to be painted."

Billy murmured something inarticulate, and looked doggedly at Matthew, leaning on his crutch.

"I suppose I must ask you to walk in and take a chair, since you are such a stranger," said Mrs. Matthew Strang.

Her husband meekly retreated into the drawing-room, and sat down with his back to the vases that adorned the mantelpiece. But now a new horror caught his eye—nothing less than a framed oleograph of "Motherhood," which had found its way into the house in the days when its wide popularity still gave him a certain interest in it not far removed from pride. On his soul, tensely strung by Eleanor's hand for the high notes of imagination, this cheap domesticity now jarred abominably. The picture glared at him; it loomed suddenly symbolic. It was representative of Rosina and her influence. This was her height of poetry, the top measure of her soul—the mother carrying the little girl who carried the doll. The work he wanted to do—nay, the work he had always wanted to do—that was what Eleanor stood for: the rare, the fine, the ethereal. Years of insincere work had blunted and torpified him—Eleanor had recreated his soul, had given him freshness of feeling, and something of the early ardor of aspiration.

This passed through his mind before Billy had stumped in and taken a chair opposite him. Rosina remained standing at the open door, in an attitude expressive of household duties plucking at her skirts.

The painter shifted nervously on his chair. There was a dead silence. It permitted the tootling of a tin whistle to become audible, and gave the painter the happy thought of asking after the children.

"Clara's at school," replied Rosina, ungraciously. "She's the second girl in her class, and could be top if she wasn't so sulky."

"And Davie?"

"Can't you hear for yourself? He's only too quiet, as a rule, but since you brought him that whistle he's been unbearable. It's the only thing that rouses him. It was stopped up for a fortnight, and he went about like a little ghost till Billy put it right. If he only had a notion of music! Billy tried to teach him to play on it, but he's got no head for anything. There! did you ever hear such a squeal?"

"Oh, he's such a baby yet!" said her husband, deprecatingly.

Then the conversation languished again, and Davie's lugubrious whistle held the field.

Billy drew vague designs on the carpet with his crutch. Matthew fidgeted, and at last got up. He was meditating how to turn the conversation into a tenderer channel and broach the holiday in common. Rosina maintained her inconclusive attitude in the doorway.

"You've still got those vases!" Matthew's morbid obsession forced him to say at last.

"Yes," she rejoined; "but I don't wonder at your asking; any day may see the end of them, servants are growing that careless. Even as it is, they only dust their outsides. If I didn't wash them myself with tea leaves they'd be choked up in a month."

She walked to the mantel-piece and ran her forefinger down one of them. The finger grew black as with anger; her brow darkened.

"Why, Amy is worse than Jane!" she cried, harshly. "I won't stand any more of her nonsense. Do you know what she did last week?" Here she walked back to the door and shut it tightly, lest her words should reach the kitchen. "She washed the colored things in the same water as the whites. And then after the wash I missed a pair of Billy's red socks, and I hunted high and low for them and made a fuss. The next day Billy found them mysteriously mixed up with his flannels. I am convinced she stole them, not knowing she had a sharp eye to deal with. I know they'll worry me into the grave, these servants. This morning I particularly said to her, 'Have you dusted the drawing-room?' and she said, bold as brass, 'Yes, mum.' And this is what she calls dusting!" She held up her gloomy forefinger. Then, lowering her voice as if it might penetrate even through the closed door, she hissed menacingly at the brothers: "I'll give her a piece of my mind, that I will. If she don't know when she's got a good place, the great hulking brute, she shall pack herself off this very afternoon. A char-woman I give her every Monday to help her; two shillings I have to pay and her beer-money, to say nothing of the work I do with my own hands. Often and often I make the beds myself, for there isn't a girl in creation you can trust to shake out the bedding; they leave it all lumpy. And what is the reward for all my kindness? I hate them all; I wish their necks were screwed."

"I wish they were," said Billy, impatiently. "I'm sick of hearing about them."

Rosina turned upon him again. "And who asks you to stay here? I'm sure I'm sick of hearing you grumbling and whining about the house."

Billy's eyes blazed. A red spot burned in each white cheek.

"Won't you give me a cup of tea, Rosina?" interposed Matthew, gently.

"I dare say Amy has let the fire go out," she snapped. "Ring the bell; you're nearest it."

Matthew rang the bell, and Amy appeared.

"Can you make some tea, Amy?" Rosina inquired, in sweet seductive accents.

"Yes, mum."

"My husband has just come from abroad," she explained, deferentially and apologetically, "and we sha'n't be wanting any more at tea-time. We'll have tea a little earlier, and you can keep the water hot for Miss Clara."

"Yes, mum." Amy disappeared.

"Did you see the smudge on her cheek?" asked Rosina, despairingly. "She can't even dust her face."

While Rosina was speaking her husband fretted under her conversation; the awkward silence that ensued when she ceased made him wish she would go on talking.

"How is business?" she asked, finding him dumb.

He suppressed a grimace. "Pretty fair. You know I've always got as much to do as I care for."

"You know what I've been thinking?" Rosina replied, in a softened and more confidential tone. "You ought to make enough to be able to retire one day. Why should you always live away from me? It's as bad as marrying a drummer. At No. 49 there's one—a commercial traveller they call them in England—and his wife tells me—it's the house with the striped linen blinds—she doesn't see him half a dozen times a year, and you're getting almost as scarce, particularly this year." She dropped into a chair, finally dismissing her tentative attitude.

This seemed a favorable opening at last, so her husband plunged into it.

"You haven't been out of town yet?" he began.

Rosina bounded wrathfully from her chair.

"There! I knew that that was what you came to spy out. Isn't it enough that you've left your brother here to be a spy on all my comings and goings? It's rather me that ought to be setting a spy on you, God knows, what with your studios and your models and your fashionable, false hearted women! Well, there he is to witness, anyhow. We have *had* our fortnight at the sea-side. Haven't we, Billy?"

Billy nodded.

"There! There's your own brother to witness. We went last month, and all to save you money, though I know you think I'm making a stocking. They charged us so much last year for lodgings at Margate in August that I made up my mind I wouldn't be swindled any more, and so we went in July. And we did save—it's no use my denying it, with that spy of yours ever at my tail—but I've had to spend twice as much in London with everything gone up in price. They're asking a shilling a peck for pease—you can go round and ask Delton, the green-grocer, if you don't believe me—it's enough to ruin anybody. And then there was the rise in coals in the spring on account of the strike—something frightful, and such a lot of slag. And then poor Clara has been so poorly; I sent for the doctor once, and then he would keep on coming to see her every day—there was no getting rid of him, and that brother of yours hadn't the pluck to tell him straight out not to come any more. Goodness knows what his bill has run up to. They're simply blood-squeezers, these doctors. So there! If you think you've caught me out, coming down on me like a detective in my sea-side week, you're nicely mistaken, Mr. Slyboots. What are you glaring at me for? Looking for the brown? I'd have given myself a coat of paint if I had known you were coming, though I don't pretend to be so clever at it as you, or your fine ladies either, for the matter of that."

As Rosina stood over him, breathlessly pouring forth her impassioned defence of the position she took up in financial matters, Matthew Strang felt he understood why men sometimes kill women. He had long since given up attempting to make her understand that her thoughts were not his thoughts, that despite his hard training in the value of money, details of expenditure had ceased to occupy his consciousness the moment the pitch of need was become a thing of the past. He was inured to her financial apologetics, her tedious justifications of what he (in his ignorance that she was indeed hoarding money secretly) never called into question. He had steeled himself to a simulation of attention when she elaborately accounted for every farthing he had given her, and, habituated to money perpetually passing from his hands, he had never even reflected that her style of living could not possibly exhaust the sums with which he supplemented her own income; to his heedless mind a growing family vaguely explained everything. But to-day the prosaic minutiæ, though painfully familiar, set up an inward fume that, intensified by her misconstruction of his visit, and by her digs at Billy, approached insanity. He controlled himself with a great effort.

"It is you that are mistaken, Rosina," he rejoined, clinching his fists. "I came merely to propose that you should take your holiday now. I thought we might go somewhere together."

"Well, then, you're a bit too late," she replied, with no diminution of ill temper. "And what's come over you that you want my company all of a sudden? I thought you couldn't spare me a week ever. I reckon the truth is that work's got slack."

"Nonsense; I told you my hands were full," he said, losing his self-control.

"That's no reason why you should waste money on me. I can't go twice to the sea-side."

"I didn't want you to go twice. I didn't know you had been."

"I explained to you why I went," she retorted, hotly. "They wanted three guineas last year for a sitting-room and two poky bedrooms, and there was no key to the chiffonnier, and I'm sure the landlady nibbled at our provisions."

"But I would have gladly let you have a little extra if you wanted to go in August."

"I'd much rather you spent the money on the children. Clara wears out her shoes frightfully—the expense turns my hair gray."

"Then you wouldn't care to go with me?"

"No; it would be sinful extravagance to go twice. Give me the money if you're so anxious to get rid of it."

"Do be reasonable, Rosina. I dare say the children will enjoy another week of—"

"The children! Much you care about the children. You haven't asked to see Davie yet, and as for Clara—" Rosina's scornful accents dried up suddenly. Her acute ear had caught the gentle clatter of the mounting tray. She opened the door for Amy. "You're sure the water was boiling?" she inquired, pleasantly.

"Yes, mum."

The mistress produced a little key from her bosom "You will find a cake in the cupboard under the dining room sideboard. And bring up the blue-bordered plates, the little ones, please."

"Yes, mum."

When the tea was duly served, Rosina resumed: "And as for Clara, I didn't even write to you she had been ailing. I knew you took so little interest in the poor child. She might die and be buried for all you'd know."

"I can't know if you don't tell me," he said, sulkily, stung by the germ of truth in her words. "Why don't you let Davie come up to me? You ought to have sent him up as soon as you knew I was here."

Rosina threw open the door again with a jerk and leaned over the kitchen stairs. "Davie!" she bawled. "Stop that dreadful noise, and come up at once, do you hear? Your father is dying to see you."

The painter bit his lips. An irrelevant memory rang in his brain with a Russian accent. "I do not like this word dying." The face of Eleanor Wyndwood swam up on the cabbage-scented air. The patter of Davie's feet was heard toddling up the stairs.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1950.

PASSING THE CUSTOMS.

BY MARY GAY HUMPHREYS.

THEY were pacing a steamer's deck in the moonlight. "Smuggling is the knight-errantry of civilization," he was murmuring; for he was only a homesick political economist, and the girl eager to know.

Almost every one can count some pregnant sentences in their lives; this jumped with the feminine mind shut off from keener adventure, and alive to the acquisition of fine new propositions and good clothes.

The concrete form of these moonlight communings some months later was yards of Antwerp silk, such as in novels stand alone, ditto of Bonnet silk wearing a bloom like a grape, two Chantilly lace sacks, yards of Brussels lace, five yards of black silk velvet, several Roman sashes and pink coral Cupids, roses and necklace, in company with a judicious admixture of French gilt. Such were the things young women with modest desire brought triumphantly through in the seventies, and with a sense of gleeful terror that among pleasurable emotions is still to be remembered.

In those days women sat and shivered over the ordeal of the customs. When two or three were gathered together the conversation ran on the comparative method of bustles and aprons. The seclusion of their cabins was beguiled by relining seal-skin sacks and festooning well-worn dresses, while old hats newly bloomed with the most astonishing assortment of flowers that were ever thrust into unnatural companionship.

To others this cunning of preparation seemed to dim the spirit of adventure.

The custom-house methods under the new law, although blustering, were still crude. It seemed simpler to fail to appear at the rendezvous appointed by the officers below. To sit calmly on deck in the blazing sunshine, with the chance of being missed and sent below under a detail, had all the charm of eluding the coast-guard under cover of a moonless night.

These were all honest God-fearing women, but nobody could have persuaded them that they were law-breakers. When Mr. Bumble was told that the law held him responsible for Mrs. Bumble's language, "Then the law's an ass," said Mr. Bumble. In eluding the customs women only felt that they were properly rebuking impertinence in their private affairs.

But women no longer sit and shiver in their cabins over the customs. The impending descent upon their baggage does not ruffle a hair. When the stewards clear the tables and make ready pens and ink, the men and women forsake the beauties of the bay and the glad sight of the shores to rush below. It was a touching and instructive sight on one of the most uncomfortably crowded steamers to see the passengers seated patiently like good little children waiting for their professors.

Although a hot September day, some of the women were clad in long seal-skins. This precaution was plainly a survival. From childhood girls are taught that the custom-house has a particular eye for seal-skin. The origin of this belief is not known, but it is not on record that a new seal-skin was ever carried off a steamer. New seal-skins always walk.

The revenue man arranges the detail of the procession creeping around the table from seat to seat, and sternly admonishes the most opulent of matrons who press about him to take their places at the tail of the line. Once in action, only the marriage of Italians at the City Hall in May is more rapidly accomplished. There are women, stimulated to disclose the contents of their trunks, who seem to feel anew the delights of shopping, and desire to linger lovingly over the details. These he represses with mild authority. Others, who desire to narrate facts of their nativity and various homes, he crisply keeps to their present post-office address. They tell too much.

The better working of the custom-house machinery has doubtless something to do with the higher standard of public morals. On the passage, blanks are distributed which exact of every person his full name, age in years and months, residence, occupation, and description of baggage. This is a new departure. These blanks were received with sarcastic comment, and filled out as to age with wide margins or perspicuous accuracy even to days. "Lady Farmer," "Loafing," "Domestic Ornament," enrolled as occupations according to the sportive mood of the writer. This repeated system of checks tends to weary and discourage personal enterprise.

There was a time when no woman, with whatever sacrifice she made her journey abroad, but included in its necessities a black silk dress. So persistent was this habit that in London and Paris it was called the American woman's uniform, and when complete included a camel's-hair shawl and diamond solitaires.

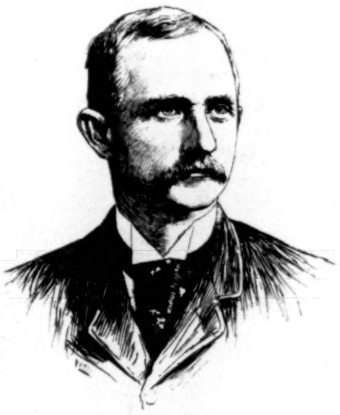
There is a pathetic story told of a clergyman taking his vacation abroad one summer who walked instead of rode, practising every economy, that he might bring back his wife a black silk dress. This present he declared at the custom-house, and having no money to pay the sixty per cent. duty, it was taken from him. Over this story women have silently wept from one end of the country to the other. For campaign purposes it would have been invaluable.

A straw of significance is apparent in the statistics of the two past fiscal years. The duties collected in 1892-3, an exceptionally prosperous year, were $169,000, as against $99,700 for the year just ending—a year of calamity and distress. Yet the percentage for the half-years, which alone were ready of access, gives 108 per cent. for the probity of the last year's traveller and the better collection of duties as against 77 per cent. for the previous year.

To these more immediate figures give for the *Fürst Bismarck*, August 31st, for 532 cabin passengers, $778 90; the *Trave*, with 260 cabin passengers, $536 70; and the *Teutonic*, September 12th, out of its 475 steamer list, $2703 29. The last is a steamer carrying in excess those Americans who are usually represented in rows of figures, seven at least, standing on end like eggs, and indicates the custom-house mark at high tide.

IRRIGATION IN SOUTH-WESTERN KANSAS.

IT is quite apparent to the attentive observer that after passing about 200 miles west of Kansas City effort to make successful farm homes there and still further West by the ordinary methods of farming in the East is a sad and pathetic failure. In the few favorable seasons enormous crops have been raised on these cheapest and richest of lands, for a time reviving the hopes of the dwellers, and alluring new hosts of confiding settlers to grievous disappointment. Timely rains cannot be depended upon, so the heroic home-builders sooner or later find from sad experience that they *must* either irrigate, emigrate, or raise live-stock exclusively on the rich natural pastures, and live in isolated ranches on "canned goods."



ELWOOD MEAD,
President of the National Irrigation Congress.

Garden City has long been the centre of irrigation in the semi-arid west of Kansas. The Arkansas River, flowing with an average descent of seven feet to the mile, which afforded an excellent source of water supply for irrigation, the earliest settlers tapped with small ditches to supply water for their single farms; this, proving successful, led to the formation of companies, and from 1885 many canals were constructed, varying from a few miles to nearly 100 miles in length, to irrigate not only the valley lands, but to carry water to the highlands.

About the time of the completion of these canals so much water was being taken from the river by the Colorado irrigators, to fill their new canals between the west State line and the Rocky Mountains, that the Arkansas became practically dry in Kansas during the season when water was most needed for the crops. The farmers, being deprived of the necessary water, were forced to seek other sources of supply, which they found in the much-talked-of "underflow," said by the best authorities to be not only accessible, but sufficient to irrigate the whole of the Arkansas Valley, and ten acres in each quarter-section of the uplands of western Kansas. It was a simple proposition that this unused "underflow" could be raised to the surface by the power of the useless prairie winds. So the neglected wind-power was harnessed to windmills and pumps of all kinds, raising the inexhaustible water from quickly made and cheap drive wells from ten to thirty feet deep. But as the winds even here do not blow all the time, and the water direct from the wells was found too cold for the plants, resort was had to constructing reservoirs to store the water and raise its temperature.

At the present time there are about 150 reservoir-irrigated farms of various sizes successfully operated in the vicinity of Garden City, and more constantly in preparation, and it is confidently predicted that by the present copying of these examples of wind-reservoir irrigation, that is spreading in every direction, in a very few years the arid prairie will blossom in a new era of beauty and prosperity—the treeless bleak homes and "canned goods" be changed to shady bowers with fresh vegetables; for the soil *with water* is wonderfully productive, the air superb, the climate a delight, and the country itself within the "best sanitary region of the world."

Some unknown benefactor invented and made from old lumber what is generally known as the "Jumbo" windmill, though in some sections known as the "Dutchman," "Overshot," and "Go-devil." It is a simple home-made contrivance. Four posts are planted in the ground, then covered or boxed in with boards. An axle with from four to eight spokes fastened to it, with paddles generally made of wood nailed on the end of the spokes like a steamboat's paddle-wheel, is set on the box east and west to catch the prevailing south and north winds. A crank on one or both ends works the pump or pumps. The box shields the lower part of the wheel, while the top is fully exposed to the wind, and from its spinning round with a kind of comical merriment in a good stiff south "prairie zephyr" it has probably earned the name of "Go-devil." It is built in all sizes, and being cheap and home-made, has been multiplied by the hundred, and is doing efficient service in pastures, at reservoirs, at farm-houses, and to irrigate small gardens at small homes. It is not as reliable for continuous work as the standard mill, being fixed in position for the prevailing winds. If one Jumbo don't do the desired work, it is easy to make one or two more to help.

In a district of six by twelve miles northwest of Fowler and north of Meade Centre, in Meade County, a flow of artesian water has been found, which is being rapidly developed with the happiest results. Enormous crops are being raised wherever the flowing, sparkling water is utilized. Mr. Vick, for instance, raised 800 bushels of Spanish onions last year on a single acre, and cut fifty-five tons of alfalfa from five acres. Accounts of what was raised per acre by a Mr. Dow, an English gardener (derived from several credible sources), are so enormous that the writer does not dare to mention what he heard, being unable to verify what has been given to him for "hard facts" that would seem down-East incredible. There are at the present time in the district about 500 acres under irrigation by artesian water. The artesian district is small, amounting to not more than about seventy-two square miles. Other districts may be found by a government survey. Still, the fact remains distinctively that the chief dependence of agriculture in the arid West is *irrigation by wind*—by compelling the almost continuous powerful prairie winds to go to work and raise the present useless underflow to the surface.

HENRY WORRALL.

A NEW CURE FOR ASTHMA.

MEDICAL science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma in the Kola Plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, are sending out large trial cases of the Kola Compound free to all sufferers from Asthma. Send your name and address on postal card, and they will send you a trial case by mail free.—[*Adv.*]

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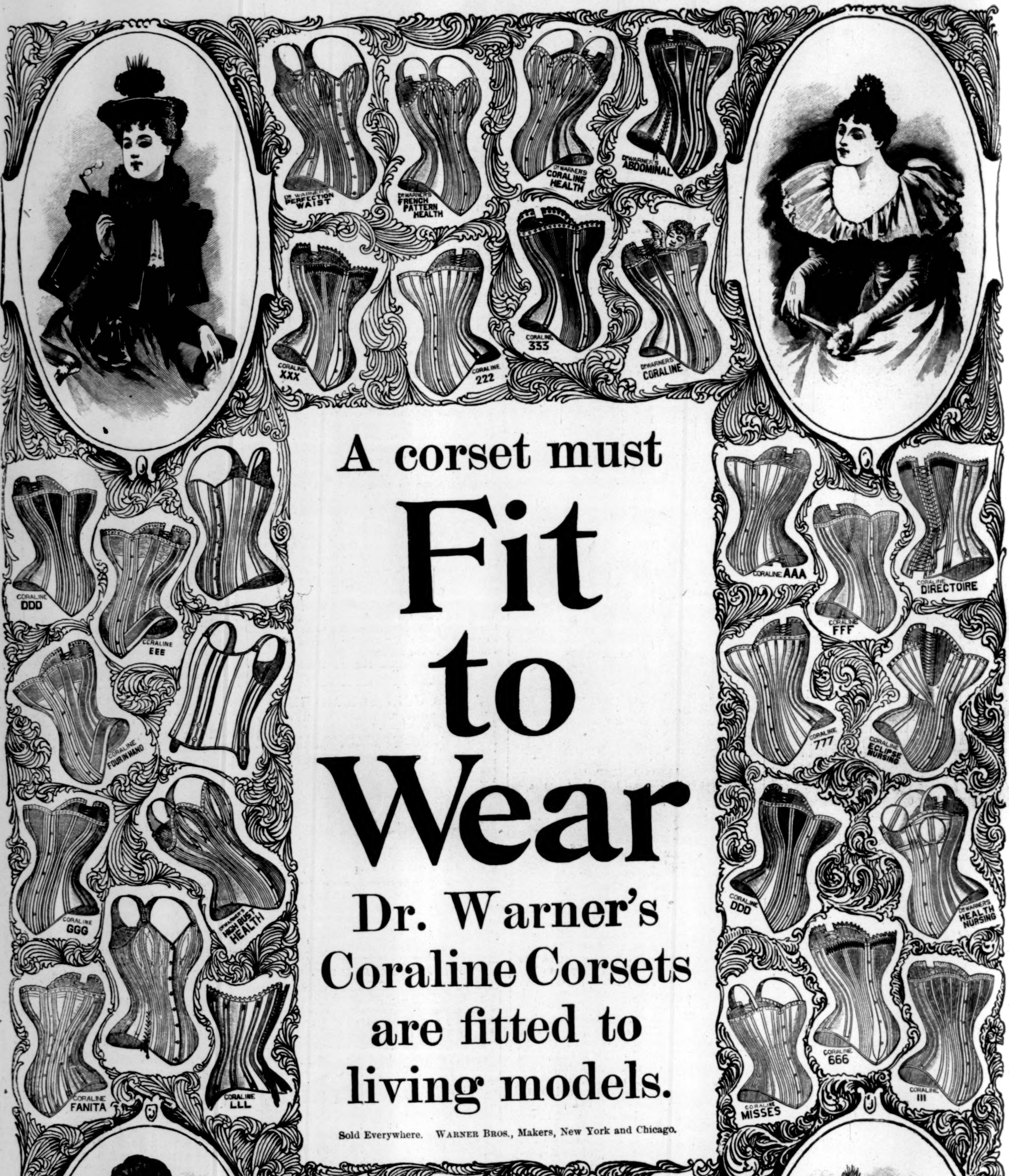
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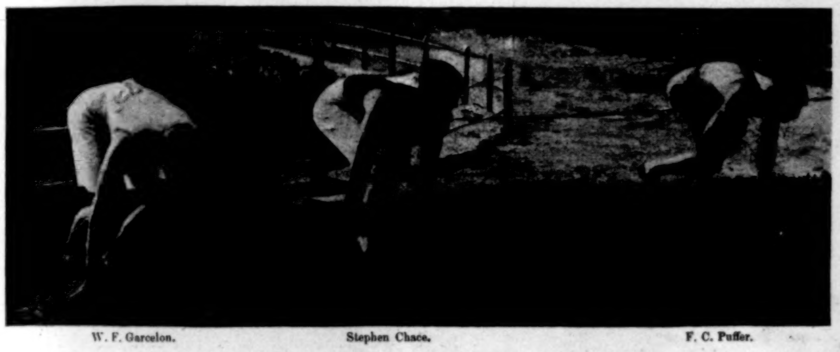
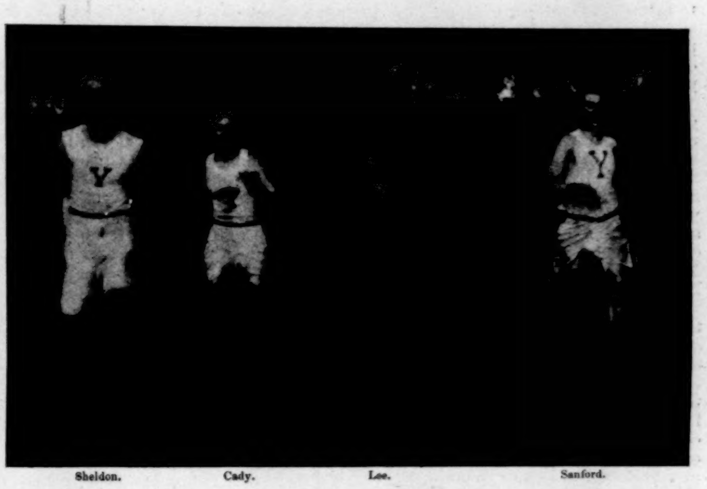
AMATEVR - SPORT

The scandal resulting from the Parkway meeting of the Long Island Pony-racing Association is without an exception the most deplorable incident of the year. Whether the Stewards of that now notorious meeting are guilty of all with which they have been charged will be determined by the Jockey Club committee when the case has been fully presented to them. It seems highly incredible that such charges could be substantiated; we cannot believe, until indubitable evidence is submitted, that gentlemen who had organized in the interest of clean pony-racing would countenance the very evils which they had ostensibly banded together to fight. But the most important consideration to sportsmen, and the keenest shock, is that racing under their auspices—under the Long Island Pony-racing Association auspices—should have been so conducted as to permit of even a suggestion of wrong-doing.


W. F. Garcelon. Stephen Chace. F. C. Puffer.

START OF FINAL HEAT, 120-YARD HURDLE CHAMPIONSHIP,
In which Chace established a World's Record of 15 3-5 Seconds.


Sheldon. Cady. Lee. Sanford.

FOUR N. Y. A. C. CRACKS.

To the general public the L.I.P.R.A. is known simply as a racing organization, on whose executive board are names that should give confidence in the contests on their tracks; its fall from the high standard it proclaimed at the outset conveys no other impression to the popular mind than that the impurity of horse-racing continues to spread.

But the sportsman, out of his grievous disappointment, views it in an entirely different light. He recalls the score or more of gentlemen who, responding to the earnest wish for pony-racing where the vicious element of the professional tracks would be debarred, centralized the interests of the polo and hunt clubs, and brought the American Pony-racing Association into existence; he remembers that first committee, which included such thorough-going sportsmen as H. L. Herbert, Jenkins Van Schaick, Thomas Hitchcock, Jun., A. J. Cassatt, J. E. Cowdin, S. S. Howland, A. B. Purdy, E. C. Potter, F. T. Underhill, and E. A. Buck, and turns from the present sickening Parkway scandal, which has arisen on the track of an offshoot of the Steeple-chase Hunt and Pony-racing Association, asking himself if indeed it has become a case with us in America of *quis custodiet ipsos custodes?* But he gathers the shattered remains of his illusion with returning hope when he realizes that no one of these sportsmen above named had an official connection with the L.I.P.R.A.

This department has made many strong appeals to the American Pony-racing Association and its successor, the Steeple-chase Hunt and A.P.R.A., to keep the sport up to the standard with which it originally started in 1890. The A.P.R.A. was not organized for the purpose of providing a means of livelihood for impecunious gentlemen with sporting proclivities; it was never intended to be a money-making scheme, not if I know the gentlemen who gave it birth—and I believe I do; it was founded by sportsmen and for sportsmen, to supply the desire of pony and hunter owning members of country and other similar clubs for an organization that would systematize racing rules applicable to all concerned, and furnish a neutral auspices under which they might meet on the several club tracks in season.

The first meetings of the A.P.R.A. were most successful—good sport, good ponies, gentlemen up. Then some pot-hunting owner put up a stable-boy on his entry; other pot-hunting owners went a step farther and put up a second-rate professional jockey; and so it went on from bad to worse, until to-day "gentlemen up" are the exception. Only at strictly hunt-club meetings do we now have a semblance of the sport as we should like it.

The Pony-racing Association made a fatal mistake in not forbidding the riding of stable-boys and professional jockeys in races under its auspices. They thought to popularize pony-racing—and they have with a vengeance, as the Parkway scandal attests; had there been no professional jockeys, there would have been no aggregation of book-makers on the S.C.H. and P.R.A. tracks; without book-makers, there would have been no charges of pulling ponies or running them to order. Had the sport been confined to sportsmen—and there was no reason why it should not have been so confined—there would have been no more occasion for scandal than there is to-day in polo and in the hunt-club race meets. It was argued that there were not enough gentlemen jockeys to fill an afternoon's card—an entirely incorrect assumption, as the first meetings of the A.P.R.A. proved. That there were none so skilful as Foxhall Keene, nor so promising as J. L. Kernochan and Leonard Jacob, Jun., was perfectly true, but material was abundant, and material, too, that needed but experience to develop it into acknowledged skill. Thus the professional jockey gained an entrance through the avariciousness of unsportsmanlike owners, and the decline of pony-racing set in. Efforts have been made from time to time by many members of the Association to check the downward progress and to lift the sport back to its original plane, but without avail. They overlooked the one salient point that was responsible for the noxious growth—they failed to rule out the professional jockey—and while he was permitted to flourish, pony-racing was as certain to go the way of racing on the regular professional tracks as was grass to grow and water to run. These amateur racing officials fancied they could stem the tide that has swept along the most powerful jockey clubs and ablest racing officials in the United States.

It is a sporting axiom, set down by experience as irrefragable, that whenever men engage in a game with dollars and cents as the incentive, that game is as certain to end in scandal and collapse, so far as decency is concerned, as the earth is to revolve on its axis. What sport have men entered to make money that has not become tainted with disgrace?

The Long Island Pony-racing Association, for which Messrs. R. A. Osborn, J. R. Wood, F. D. Beard, C. T. Rowe, and F. M. Ware have made themselves sponsors, has given the impression, rightly or wrongly, to sportsmen, by its Parkway meeting, of too little regard for the sport, and too much for the profit of the racing. No one hopes more than I that the L.I.P.R.A. will be able completely to dispel that impression.

It remains a fact, nevertheless, that pony-racing has degenerated in tone, that sportsmen have lost interest in its meetings, that it attracts in greater numbers what is known as the betting element, and that gentlemen jockeys have long since been jostled out by the professional jockey.

L. C. V. Bathurst. C. W. Whitwell. R. S. Lucas. A. J. L. Hill. J. S. Robinson. G. R. Bardswell.
G. J. Mordaunt. G. W. Hillyard. K. McAlpin. C. W. Wright.

Lord Hawke. C. E. De Trafford.

ENGLAND'S ELEVEN IN THE INTERNATIONAL CRICKET MATCH.

There is but one way in which pony-racing, generally speaking, may regain the respect and interest of sportsmen, and that is by forbidding the riding of stable-boys or professional jockeys, and by expelling book-makers from its meetings.

The restriction to "gentlemen up" will very likely decrease the number of entries for a time. But what if it does? It is better to have six races with gentlemen up than sixteen with professionals. There is plenty of riders in the hunt, polo, and country clubs to be had for the encouragement, and in the course of a year or two there would be no lack of gentlemen jockeys. As for the book-maker, why should he be admitted? He is sure to bring with him the unwholesome atmosphere of the profession; he is not recognized in amateur sport, and cannot enter its arena without harmful results. Sportsmen do not need the book-maker to keep alive their interest in the racing, and a wager between friends on results is always possible. We shall follow the action of the Steeple-chase, Hunt, and Pony-racing Association with much concern in the present crisis, for on its action depends the future of pony-racing.

The abandonment of the English-All New York cricket match at the end of the first day's play, on account of rain, was very unfortunate, for the metropolis was probably never in a more susceptible condition, in a cricketing sense, than at present. Although its players are scarcely to be considered as representative of American skill, yet it is only just to say the team placed in the field last week against Lord Hawke was composed of excellent material. Nothing like a line can be had on the Englishmen's general play from a single inning's stick-work; but their form suggested a really strong batting team. Their total of 289 on a bowler's wicket was certainly very creditable for an initial attempt on American soil, particularly when no less than nine bowlers were given a trial against them, including such men as Cobb, Kelly, Wright, and Patterson.

Of the Englishmen, A. J. L. Hill undoubtedly appeared to greatest advantage, winning within one run of the coveted century, and quite justifying the encomiums previously passed upon his batting by foreign critics. He is a thoroughly free batsman, with an open style and great hitting powers, particularly to the "off." Among the others, L. C. V. Bathurst proved a tremendously rapid run-getter. The great upset of the innings was the failure of C. E. De Trafford to score, and M. R. Cobb secured quite a feather for his bowling-cap in dismissing the Leicestershire captain on the first ball. Mr. De Trafford's form in preliminary practice had aroused great expectations, and his failure to "come off" was a source of disappointment to those who had looked for an exhibition of rapid scoring. Altogether the English eleven made a good though not remarkable showing in New York, considering their score was compiled against capital bowling and smart fielding.

The work of New York in the field deserves more than a mere word of passing praise; it was clean and smart, and the bowling on the spot throughout the innings. To those of us that remember the slovenly, lifeless efforts of local players in some of the past international matches, the form of the All New York eleven this year was a welcomed innovation. Lord Hawke is reported as having some idea of finishing the match in New York at a future date, and although the continuation of a game after a long interval is, as a rule, to be discountenanced, it is to be hoped, for the sake of the encouragement of New York cricket, that an effort will be made either to finish the match or to play another instead thereof.

The abandonment of the All United States–Canada match was little less of a misfortune. The game was begun at Wissahickon on the 17th inst., and after two days' play declared drawn on account of rain.

Philadelphia's fielding against Canada was far from first class, and missed catches, in many instances inexcusable, were altogether too frequent to be agreeable. Even such usually reliable fielders as A. M. Wood and J. W. Winn were among the delinquents. Fortunately for Philadelphia, the fielding of the Canadians was by no means perfect; otherwise the American score would have been materially diminished. The placing of the Canadian field left much room for criticism, as little attention apparently was paid to the salient weaknesses of opposing batsmen. As for the Canadian batting, it betrayed its well-known steadiness of defence and indisposition to assume the aggressive, many chances to score being neglected thereby. Had the Canadians displayed more vigor in this direction their score would undoubtedly have exceeded that of their opponents by as many as it fell behind.

There is no reason why every straight ball should be treated with respect in these days, and it is exasperating to see even our enemies pursue this policy with balls that should be despatched to the boundaries.

The American batting was fair, and nothing more; but it must be acknowledged that the capital bowling of H. B. McGiverin, coupled with the lifeless condition of the ground, rendered scoring a matter of extreme difficulty.

The first two days' play of the All-Philadelphia-Lord Hawke match forces the conclusion that Merion is as yet too new a ground to be the scene of so important a contest. The equipment of the cricket field and the provision made for the accommodation of the large crowd were praiseworthy, but the turf seems to stand in need of several seasons' constant work before it may be said to be entirely fit.

Last Friday and Saturday, although protected against the rains of the previous days, the wicket showed undeniable evidence of being sodden. That a captain of Lord Hawke's experience should have elected to bat on such a wicket, when the probability was in favor of the ground improving as the day wore on, was somewhat surprising. It looked like throwing away whatever advantage he had derived from winning the toss, and there is little doubt Hawke himself fully realized the mistake before his men had been at the wickets many minutes.

But of whatever error in judgment the English skipper may have been guilty, it was more than atoned for by his own masterly display of the art defensive. Although somewhat marred by three chances, Hawke's innings, compiled in the face of what appeared to be a most emphatic rot on the part of his men, are worthy of all praise, and I very much question whether he has ever played an inning more productive of good to his side.

For some inexplicable reason Mr. G. S. Patterson appeared determined to give Lord Hawke every chance of remaining at the wickets so long as he desired. Never in my recollection has the Philadelphia crack been so thoroughly off in his play; indeed, the fielding of this usually reliable cricketer was the most serious blot in the work of the Philadelphia eleven, while at the bat he failed to secure one run.

The match presented many curious incidents of more or less notability. At the outset of the Englishmen's first innings three wickets were down for the small total of 14 runs, but before the next wicket fell Lord Hawke and A. J. L. Hill, by a combination of careful and effective play, carried the score to 85. The Philadelphians made an equally inauspicious start, losing three good wickets (G. S. Patterson's, R. D. Brown's, and E. W. Clarke's) when the telegraph registered but 17 runs. At this juncture A. M. Wood and F. H. Bohlen inaugurated what proved a most productive partnership, not only managing to keep their wickets intact up to the drawing of stumps on Friday, but continuing to punish the English bowling on the following morning, until between them they had increased the score by 84 runs, when Hill put A. M. Wood out of the game.

Singularly enough, the first wicket on each side fell for five, and, to further increase the resemblance between the two innings, three men were responsible for the majority of the opposing elevens' runs, while F. H. Bohlen and Lord Hawke, the top scorers for their respective sides, came within one of each other's tally. The extras, too, not to be outdone, made an equally close showing.

But here, unfortunately, the similarity ends, for the Englishmen, at the conclusion of their first innings, were eighteen runs to the good, while the Philadelphians who had followed A. M. Wood, with the exception of J. H. Muir, failed to emulate his excellent achievement.

Of the English batsmen, Lord Hawke, A. J. L. Hill, and L. C. Bathurst were seen to the greatest advantage in the first innings, and to them unquestionably belongs the credit of saving the game for their side. A. J. L. Hill has thus far proved the most consistent performer of Lord Hawke's eleven, not having failed to "come off" in any innings. Lord Hawke seems to be particularly partial to Philadelphia bowling, and I do not see that he has deteriorated in any way since his last visit to America.

I was particularly taken with Mordaunt's style, who, though not formidable in the first innings, shaped like a cricketer, and in the second managed to amass quite a number of runs. He is a batsman who makes use of his length to good advantage, and while not disposed to take liberties with good balls, when once he opens his shoulders his hitting is clean and well timed. L. C. Bathurst seemed not at home with the bowling on the beginning of his innings, but, once his nervousness had worn off, played in thoroughly good form. The style of the other members of the English eleven failed to impress me to any great extent. R. S. Lucas placed many of his hits very skilfully, but made a number of uppish strokes, which, fortunately for him, were just beyond the fielders. C. E. De Trafford is a quick run-getter, but, in common with others, appeared to be much bothered by the condition of the wicket.

Of the Philadelphia's trundlers H. P. Baily made the most noteworthy performance, the seven wickets taken by him in the first innings being obtained at the cost of only 65 runs, an unusually good analysis. He varied his pace with excellent judgment, and succeeded in getting a very deceptive break. J. B. King also bowled well, but the wicket in the first innings was hardly suited to his fast delivery.

More than the usual number of drop catches marred the fielding of the Philadelphians, but G. S. Patterson's failure to hold the chance given by Lord Hawke when he had made but 16 runs proved the most costly, as that lucky nobleman profited by his escape to the extent of 62 runs.

L. C. Bathurst, who threatened to bother the Philadelphia batsmen at the outset of their innings, scarcely proved as effective on the following day. W. F. Whitwell struck a spot that seemed to his liking, and thereafter proceeded to play havoc with the American wickets, four of which he captured for 14 runs.

It seems almost incredible that with only five wickets down for 153 runs, the remaining five, including such batsmen as W. W. Noble, F. W. Ralston, Dr. J. A. Scott, and J. B. King should be disposed of for an addition of only 16 runs.

F. H. Bohlen has again demonstrated that in an international match of the higher grade he is without a peer on American soil; nor do we underrate the capital work done by A. M. Wood in this match. Wood's invaluable innings of 41 was worthy of highest praise, and his fielding brilliant in the extreme, the catches by which he snapped up L. C. Bathurst and J. S. Robinson being such as few but he could accomplish.

In the field it must be confessed the Englishmen showed to far better advantage than the Americans, the dash of their work being in striking contrast to the comparatively sluggish performance of their opponents. Of them all, L. C. Bathurst and G. V. Mordaunt were particularly clever. The exception to the rule was the wild throw to the wicket by W. F. Whitwell on an easy chance given him to secure the dismissal of A. M. Wood, who had run clean to F. H. Bohlen's wicket. The young Englishman similarly distinguished himself by inability to hold the ball at critical times. Aside from this, however, the fielding of the Englishmen was good, their stops and returns being both quick and accurate. The number of extras recorded on each side indicates that the wicket-keeping was not all that it should have been, but as a matter of fact the tricky condition of the ground may with justice be urged as an excuse for apparent looseness in this direction.

As we go to press the Englishmen have a shade the better of the match, being 197 to the good, with two wickets still to fall. A rather large total to obtain, unless the wicket improves before Monday.

The Rockaway-Myopia polo match decided September 22d at the Brookline Country Club for the championship of the season and four individual cups valued at $500 was won by Rockaway, 17½ goals to 4¾. The score does not convey an accurate impression of the closeness of the play, for though Rockaway made goals rapidly once they had struck their gait, with three exceptions every one was hotly contested, and won only by brilliant work. A more exciting game of polo has not been seen in America since the English team came over to give us our first lesson many years ago, nor was one ever played that so thoroughly demonstrated the value of team-work as revealed by Rockaway. J. E. Cowdin (10 goals), Foxhall Keene (10), J. S. Stevens (7), W. Rutherfurd (7), made up the Rockaway four; R. S. Agassiz (10), R. M. Appleton (5), A. P. Gardner (7), Robert G. Shaw, 2d (9), the Myopia. On the Association handicap Rockaway would allow Myopia 3 goals; but this match was played after the English system, which recognizes no handicaps and places teams on scratch. If all American players were Keenes, Cowdins, Agassizes, or Shaws, we might likewise do away with handicaps; but as they are not, we must continue on the present lines until our polo-playing average has reached a much higher standard than obtains to-day. Indeed, what advance has been made may be attributed to the handicapping of the Association, that has more or less equalized our assorted lots of players. This apropos of the discussion which now and again breaks out over the advisability of putting all teams on scratch in tournaments.

Myopia started the game at a clipping pace which seemed to carry Stevens and Rutherfurd completely off the ball, the former bungling an excellent chance at the throw-in, and Rutherfurd missing a back that gave Appleton a goal in a few seconds of play. Indeed, throughout the twenty minutes of the first period Stevens might, for all the service he rendered, as well have been a spectator on the side lines. He more nearly approached his form with the beginning of the second period, and in the third showed brilliant spurts; but though he made five goals, at no time throughout the match did he play his position of number one. Had he done so, and had Rutherfurd been true on the ball, there is no telling what figures the score might have reached. As it was, Stevens's failure to ride out his opponent, and Rutherfurd's to back the ball at critical moments, doubled the work of Cowdin and Keene. That these two were equal to the emergency, bespeaks the extraordinary brilliancy of their play; they were always on the ball, many of Keene's drives were remarkable, one being a goal from a most difficult angle, while Cowdin was a winning factor in wellnigh every scrimmage. For Myopia, Agassiz and Shaw played brilliantly, the former always in his position, and the latter keeping on the ball cleverly and persistently. Gardner put up a hard good game at number one, his work on the throw-in being especially notable.

In the first period Rockaway was at sea, upset by Stevens and Rutherfurd; no one played in his position, and Cowdin and Keene did practically all the work. Myopia in this period played at a hot pace, with every man doing his duty, and scored their four goals to Rockaway's two, each side making a safety in addition. In the second period Rockaway got together, increasing their pace in the third, while Myopia, Agassiz and Shaw excepted, failed to maintain the dash with which they begun, being obliged to make a safety in the third, and getting their only point after the first period on a foul by Keene. Of the goals, Cowdin made 7; Keene, 4 (and was instrumental in making as many more by his beautiful placing); Stevens, 5; Appleton, 2; Agassiz, 2; Rutherfurd, 1.

The Myopias, that are novices compared with Rockaway, deserve great credit for the marked improvement they have made in the last two years, and the strong game played Saturday. They have a back in Agassiz who is unexcelled, and a number two in Shaw who is outclassed only by such a star as Cowdin.

The Amateur Golf Tournament of the Newport Club has been incorrectly dignified with national honors by the newspapers, and the winner, Mr. W. G. Lawrence, heralded abroad in the land as the champion of America. The Newport Club is entitled to the credit of the first attempt to bring amateurs together, and Mr. Lawrence's victory was well earned; but all the canons of sport forbid the settling of national championships in such an out-of-hand manner. No one organization may assume such responsibility until after conference with the others. Before further complications ensue it would be wise for the recognized clubs of the United States to meet at the call of the senior one, which is St. Andrews, at Yonkers, and settle the order and place for both open (if it be deemed advisable in our golfing infancy to hold one) and amateur championship events. Until this is done a golf championship of this country cannot exist.

As the first meeting to bring together the best players of the several clubs, the Newport tournament was exceedingly interesting. There was exhibited some really very good golf, and some truly marvellous in its individual peculiarities.

W. G. Lawrence, Winthrop Rutherfurd, and Victor Sorchan represented the Newport Club; Charles B. McDonald, Chicago; W. W. Watson, Royal Montreal; James Dwight, Woodhall; F. J. Hank and G. McClure Sargent, Essex Country; H. C. Leeds and Collin Curtis, Boston; W. E. Hodgman and L. P. Stoddard, St. Andrews. The order of finish was Lawrence, McDonald, Sargent, Sorchan, Watson, Leeds, Dwight.

The links was in excellent condition, though evidently much harder than that to which some of the players had been accustomed. It would be hardly fair to criticise play, for we are so young in the sport that but very few have attained a consistent game. But this is the time to look to our form, and, speaking generally, Newport showed it to be in need of correction. As the twig is bent so the tree will grow, is literally true of golf; a bad style acquired at the beginning will cling to a player, and handicap his work with the club to an incalculable extent. In two weeks we shall publish full illustrations of correct positions, etc. In the mean time my advice to those just beginning—and we are all doing that, or want to be, nowadays—is to put themselves under the instruction of a competent professional who is *known* to play in good form.

The tournament, after the first round, became a match between Lawrence and McDonald, the others being outclassed. McDonald played very strongly the first day, which he not only closed four strokes better than Lawrence, but made a best-on-record for the course, doing 9 holes in 43 strokes. Lawrence proved the steadier player, however, on the second day, and won the match—36 holes in 188 strokes; McDonald drove better, but was not so sure on the green, where he really lost by one stroke, his score being 189. Lawrence learned his golf on the French links at Pau; he is a fair driver, approaches well, is an accurate putter, and showed the best all-round golf at Newport. The nearest of the rest was Sargent, with 201 strokes and exceedingly promising form; Sorchan, 212; Watson, 214; Leeds, 217; Curtis, 221; Dwight, 246; Hank, 264.

Last week we commented upon the encouraging growth of college baseball on the Pacific coast; but in the make-up of the page the paragraph criticising extended tours, such as that taken by the Stanford University nine, was left out. As it was the point of the editorial, it is printed this week—a bit late, but with a moral just as apropos:

I question the desirability of such a touring precedent, and the wisdom of repeating it. There may have been some excuse for such trips in the West, where the desire to encourage the sport suggests inter-club games, and their wide separation necessitates long journeys. But the missionary work may be carried out to a harmful degree. Stanford and University of California are rivals, and their annual visit and game are natural and wholesome; an occasional trip of either one of the college nines to Portland or Seattle or Tacoma, to meet the club nines of those towns, might be beneficial. To set off on a regular tour, however, meeting all comers, and relying on gate receipts to pay the expenses of the trip, is not the rôle of a university nine, eleven, or track athletic team. College teams are not formed for that purpose; we must keep the business flavor entirely out of university athletics—cost what it may.

Caspar W. Whitney.

"AMERICAN FOOTBALL."—By Walter Camp.—Illustrated.—Price $1 25.—Harper & Brothers.

CRICKET CLUBS OF PHILADELPHIA.

(*Continued from page 929.*)

but it has proved a stimulus to the game by increased rivalry, and succeeded more than once in wresting laurels from formidable neighbors.

The Belmont C. C. is a prosperous and thoroughly live organization, owning a handsome property in the heart of a West Philadelphia suburb, which it has been largely instrumental in improving.

By a thorough businesslike policy the club has reached a sound financial basis, thanks to its tutelary patrons, Captain John P. Green and J. B. Colohan, Esq. It was among the first to open its doors to womankind, and continued their warmest champion thereafter. In Mr. A. M. Wood, Mr. Crawford Coates, Dr. J. A. Scott, Mr. F. Altemus, and Mr. J. Muir the club possesses cricketers of acknowledged prowess at the bat.

Tioga is the youngest of Philadelphia's first-class cricket clubs; but its career has been most gratifying, to which end the efforts of Mr. J. B. King and Mr. E. M. Cregar are largely responsible.

With the improvement of their grounds, Merion and Belmont naturally acquired a desire to share the foreign matches that had been held invariably on the Germantown C. C. grounds, and the success of the Australian match at Elmwood last year justified their claim to recognition. It is probably a settled fact that hereafter international matches will not be confined to one ground.

For those who have never seen the Merion grounds a pleasant surprise will be provided on attending the first match between Lord Hawke's eleven and All Philadelphia at Haverford. Merion has been happy in the choice of their architect, as visitors to the club-house will aver.

From the primitive equipment at Wynnewood to the elaborate one at Ardmore was a decided step. But Ardmore is dear to the memory of cricketers. It was very prolific of good players, notably John B. Thayer, Jun., H. C. Thayer, Sutherland Law, W. C. Lowrie, while we well remember the cheery and invariable call of "Now run it out," "Now take your time," of its old skipper, George Ashbridge, as though it were yesterday.

But with all its pleasant associations the Ardmore ground was inconvenient, and the enthusiasm of members seriously threatened by the long and tiresome walk from the station. More convenient quarters were therefore an absolute necessity, a problem (on which depended its future) rather easy to solve for a club having among its members such thorough-going sportsmen as Messrs. A. J. Cassatt, Edward Sayres, William R. Philler, *et al.* In the present cricket-field at Haverford we have the realization of the Merion cricketers' ideal, just as was Manheim that of the Germantown players. Both of these beautiful grounds will probably live as models for many generations to come.

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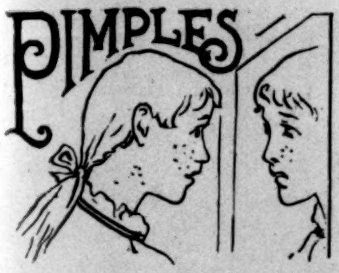

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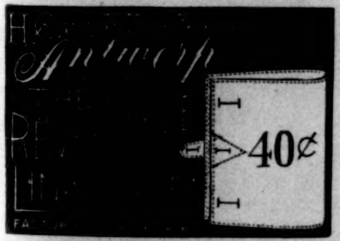

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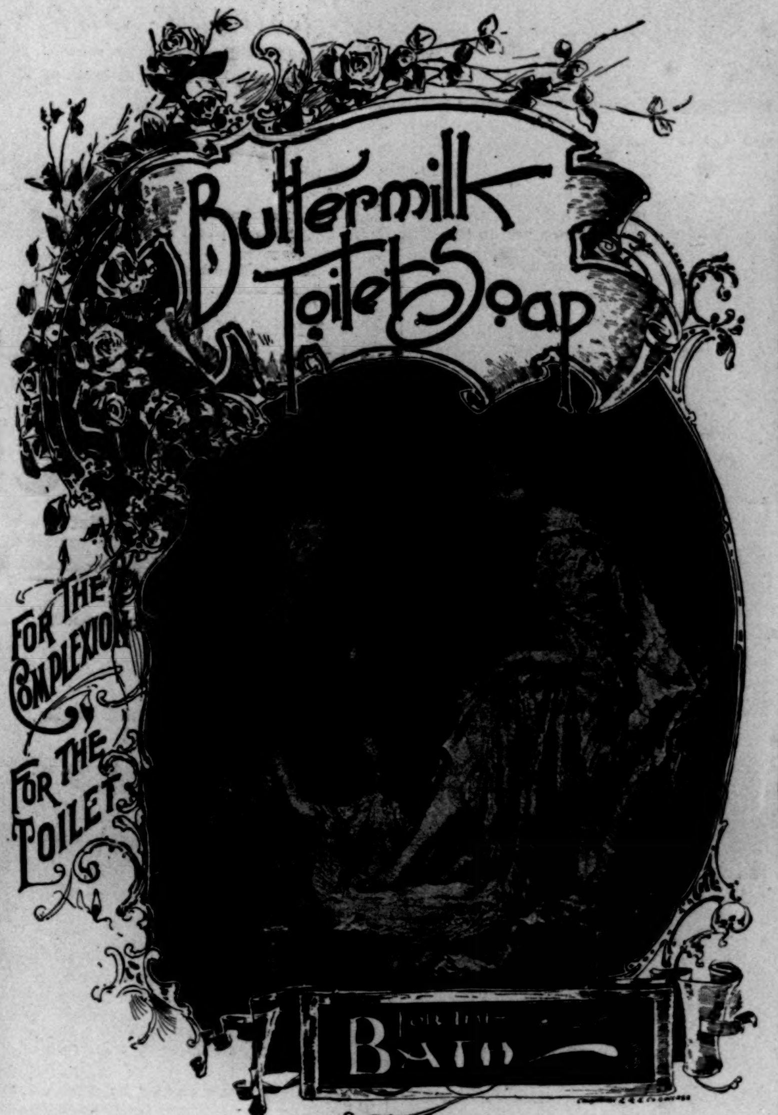

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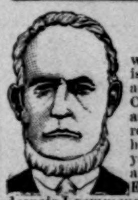

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